

# ANNALS OF IOWA.

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## INCIDENTS OF AN IOWA SOLDIER'S LIFE, OR FOUR YEARS IN DIXIE

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Who can portray, after so many years, the exciting events that foreshadowed and inaugurated the War of the Rebellion? The bombardment of Fort Sumter on April 12, 1861, and its precipitate surrender next day to rebel soldiers under Beauregard, sent a thrill of excitement throughout the land. This defiant act of open war at once aroused the nation to intense feeling and activity.

Who has forgotten that electric shock, even at this distance? Long years have come and gone since the heart of the whole North was convulsed by the attack and capture of Fort Sumter, but the sorrow and wrath of that day have never been forgotten and never can be. The conviction of danger and the impulse to self-preservation were alike universal.

The call of President Lincoln, on the day following the surrender, for 75,000 volunteers to defend the old flag seemed only the reflection of a greater call from every hearthstone in the broad land. When that memorable proclamation said: "I appeal to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity and the existence of our National Union and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress the wrongs already long enough endured," it found the country already in arms. Forty-eight hours later, regiments were en route for Washington, and in two days more, a hundred thousand men had offered and were being rapidly organized for instant service.

Intense excitement burst over the country. Both North and South rushed to arms. I need not recount the manner in which the call was everywhere responded to. How from all ranks, con-

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<sup>1</sup>Col. Abernathy died February 21, 1915. He was born in Sandusky, Ohio, April 14, 1836, and came to Iowa in 1854. He enlisted as a private in Company F, Ninth Iowa Infantry, and rose to be lieutenant colonel. He was a representative in the Eleventh General Assembly in 1866. He was state superintendent of public instruction from 1872 to 1876. For a more complete sketch of his life, see ANNALS OF IOWA, Vol. XII, No. 2, p. 152.

ditions and classes they came, "Came at their country's call," and went forth—the young men, the old men and the boys from school; the single men and those who had families to support; the men of all parties, of all religions and all nationalities; giving up their employments, giving up their attachments, giving up their homes. Gathering into companies and regiments, they rose up in one mighty throng in this hour of common danger. Such was the common impulse that impelled a nation of freemen to arms.

Our first winter in the Sunny South under canvas might well have served to cool the ardor of patriotic fervor. For three months it was a humdrum life in the woods, in a miserably unattractive and unhealthy region of southeastern Missouri, at a little railroad station near Pacific Junction, where the people appeared sickly, sallow and cadaverous; where malarial fever prevailed nine months in the year and worse forms of disease the remaining three. Camped there to protect important railroad bridges and constantly on guard duty day and night by turns; with no adequate facilities for maintaining cleanliness; exposed to cold, wind and storm; sleeping on rude bunks or on the frozen ground in our crowded tents at night, with only a pair of coarse blankets apiece for bedding; with little variety or change of food; with few of the comforts and delicacies of the average home, and with none of the cheerfulness and affection of either wife, mother, sister or daughter, is there any wonder that sickness soon entered the camp and carried away numbers to the post hospital, and even so soon, some down into the narrow house. Even that early in the service many a soldier began to absorb from the sickening miasma of that section the seeds of malarial disease that subsequent years of change, waste and repair never eradicated.

It would be both ungenerous and unjust, in any account of our first winter of camp life, not to mention the name and services of one noble woman, Mrs. Terrell<sup>2</sup>, the widowed mother of one of our boys, who spent nearly the whole of our first winter in the camp and camp hospital of our regiment, in alleviating the pains, in relieving the distress and softening the pillows of our sick and suffering. They said, when she came, it was no place for a woman. She soon proved how sadly they were mistaken. So

<sup>2</sup>The name Terrell is not found in Roster of the Ninth Iowa. It shows a D. W. Tyrell from West Union and an Edward Tyrell from Waverly.



far as I know, Mrs. Terrell was the first army nurse of the war, the harbinger of that noble army of heaven-appointed nurses that later went out as angels of mercy in the midst of all the sickness and carnage and death.

Iowa sent out her full quota of Mrs. Terrells, Aunt Beckys and Annie Wittenmeyers, furnished as they always were with every possible supply of sanitary stores and supported by the willing hands and loving hearts of the noble women at home.

During three months' service here, in an unhealthy region and an inclement winter, the regiment passed through one of the severest ordeals of all its four years of active service in the South. Inexperienced in camp life and ignorant of its real perils, it was attacked simultaneously by the scourge of that country, bilious fever, and by the measles and the mumps. Few were so fortunate as to escape the hospital for one or more of these complaints. On December 31, 1861, at the end of the first four months of service, the regiment had lost by death 17, by discharge 7, total, 24; and had gained by additional enlistments and transfer 42, leaving an aggregate of 995.

A month later found us among the Ozark mountains, in southwestern Missouri in pursuit of the rebel general Price; and after a march of 250 miles in less than a month, having made our way alternately through mud and snow,<sup>3</sup> the Army of the Southwest, under the gallant Curtis, halted at Cross Hollows. From this point a detachment of 300 men under Colonel Vandever was sent to Huntsville, Arkansas, forty miles away, to destroy commissary stores, and capture or drive away a detachment of rebel soldiers.

Our advance guard found the camp deserted, and learned from a straggler, a rebel soldier, that the combined Confederate army, under Van Dorn, McCullough, Price and McIntosh was even then marching to meet and attack our force. At four o'clock on the morning of March 6, the bugle sounded the order to "fall into line," and we started to rejoin our command, every hour bringing us some new evidence that not a moment was to be lost if we would save ourselves from capture by the large force pressing forward in advance of us, on a parallel road. Accordingly, after an extraordinary march of forty-two miles, our little band of 300

<sup>3</sup>January weather in southwest Missouri was not greatly unlike some of our March weather in northern Iowa—one day four or five inches of snow; the next, eight or ten inches of mud.

sore-footed infantry rejoined our comrades at eight o'clock the same evening. It was the longest and hardest march we ever made, forty-two miles in one day.

The phases of camp life were like the ever-changing sands of the seashore. Whoever would understand a soldier's life must put himself in his place, and imagine himself on a mild winter morning, strapped to his back a knapsack containing, besides the extra shirt, pair of trousers and stockings, the single blanket which has been his sole protection in sleep from the frozen bed beneath and the frost and wind above. He should not forget the usual plug of tobacco and pack of cards, even if they must lie beside mother's Bible.<sup>4</sup> Over his right shoulder hangs his haversack, with its last day's scanty rations; from the left, his canteen and coffee. The belt around his waist supports the cartridge box and forty rounds, with cap box in front and glistening bayonet at the left. Last but not least, he will not forget to "shoulder arms" with the eleven-pound Dresden rifle, as bright a piece and true a shot as ever soldier bore. Thus equipped, the distant bugle sounds the order "March" and for sixteen hours, he plods his way along, up hill and down, over gravelly and stony roads, made doubly hard and sharp by the mere remnants of his shoe soles, with never so much as a halt and rest of fifteen minutes during the livelong day. As the muscles begin to stiffen and the bones begin to ache he may fear, as some did fear on that tiresome day, that he is planting seeds that may perchance bear fruit of pain<sup>5</sup> even to the end of the journey of life.

At last we reached camp where our rations of hard-tack and rusty bacon made us a sumptuous supper. There occurred, on the following day, March 7, 1862, the memorable battle of Pea Ridge. It was for many an Iowa regiment a hard-fought battle. Such was it to the Ninth Iowa above all others. The fighting began at 10 A. M. by a fierce attack of the enemy, who was driven back. Our line advanced in turn. We, too, were driven back before the grape and canister of their batteries. Again they came and again were repulsed. From this time, the battle raged incessantly, growing hotter as the day advanced. Only an occasional lull

<sup>4</sup>One member of the Ninth Iowa, at least, can testify that he neither carried his pack of cards nor played its games during all those years.

<sup>5</sup>It is no great wonder that many a gallant soldier who has stoutly braved it out, lo! these many years, has at last been compelled to ask the government for a pension to buy bread he no longer has the strength to earn.



gave opportunity to refill the cartridge boxes. This, our first fight, raged with a fury which exceeded our worst apprehensions. Lieutenant Colonel Herron, our commander, had said in the morning to his regiment in line of battle: "We have come a long way, boys, to fight them, and by the Eternal, we will fight them right here." And we did fight them there. At nightfall we held our ground, and lay upon our arms near the spot where the fighting began in the morning and were satisfied that we had triumphed, but were not confident that we could long continue such fighting against such odds. It was only when the enemy vanished at sunrise with the mists of the morning, that we realized how complete had been this our first victory.

This victory, though, was dearly bought. Of 560 men who went out in the morning, 237, or nearly every other man in the ranks had been killed or wounded. In this day's engagement seventy-four men had been either killed or mortally wounded, and nearly as many more permanently disabled out of our single regiment. Among the killed were the brave Captains Andrew W. Drips and Alva Bevins, and Lieutenants Abner G. M. Neff<sup>a</sup> and Nathan Rice. Here the gallant Herron, then commanding the regiment, was severely wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy while at the head of his regiment. He was soon after promoted to brigadier general, and Colonel Vandever, also in command of our brigade, received a like recognition of his distinguished bravery.

It was during the thickest of the fight on the afternoon of this day, that I had my first experience of rebel lead and how it feels. Standing partly protected by a fallen tree, I had raised my rifle to take steady aim, when I felt a dull thud upon the inside of my right leg, near the ankle, as if struck by a club.

In the midst of a first battle, the human mind often manifests powers transcending all experience, as in the case of a man drowning. I would not express it as some have, as an instantaneous review of the experiences of a lifetime, but rather as a preternatural power of recollection and association by which the mind seems able to recall instantly and vividly, every related idea in all past experience.

<sup>a</sup>Lieutenant Neff died of his wounds, March 12.—Iowa Soldier's Roster.

Daniel Webster, when afterwards describing his mental state while making that great speech in the United States Senate in reply to Hayne of South Carolina, portrayed the condition of the mind in the highest state of controlled activity, when he said: "All that I had ever read, or thought, or acted in literature, in history, in law, in politics, seemed to unravel before me in glowing panorama; and then it was easy, if I wanted a thunder-bolt, to reach out and take it as it went smoking by."

The instant I felt the stroke, there came to me, probably for the first time since early boyhood, the recollection of stories to which I had listened, related by returned soldiers of the Mexican war, that a cannon ball might take off a leg or a foot, with no more pain at the instant, than of a limb benumbed by a blow or bruise. I looked down and found the foot still there. I stepped and found that no bones were broken, and returned to the thought of my rifle. A few minutes later, Captain Towner asked me the cause of my limping. I replied, "A slight bruise only," though my trousers were considerably riddled. Some time later I found blood in my shoe, and then first learned that I was really wounded, but I still considered it unimportant and kept my place in the ranks. In another half hour I could not walk, and did not again step upon that foot for four months; nor was I able to walk without the aid of a cane for more than a year. But to many a soldier in that day's struggle, nightfall brought neither pain nor anxiety, for

He lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Of the eight thousand who went out to battle in the morning, thirteen hundred were that night *hors de combat*. They were out of the battle. Those who rested upon their arms, where nightfall had ended the battle, were ready to re-form their lines at a moment's warning. Though their ranks had been frightfully decimated; though it was apparent to everybody that they had been fighting against great odds; though heavy draughts had already been made upon the reserve ammunition, and though no one could claim more than a drawn battle; yet they were determined and resolute, and for the most part hopeful, and after the exhaustion and excitement of the day, they generally slept.



Quite another scene was presented at the Division Hospital. The shifting fortunes of the preceding day had twice compelled the removal of the large hospital tent, in and around which were huddled the hundreds of wounded men, who had either hobbled back or had been borne thither on stretchers from the front. I will not attempt a description of the scene at this hospital during that weary, anxious night. My own unimportant wound remained undressed till nearly morning. What could five or six surgeons do among 500 or 600 men who lay there, scores of them writhing in agony? Besides the pain that every man had to bear for himself—I might well say men and boys—for half of them seemed but striplings who ought to have been under their mother's care—besides their own pains, they must, perforce, listen to the groans and shrieks, the complaints and criminations, the curses and prayers, on every side. Add to this the uncertainty, and to these helpless men the gloomy anxiety of the morrow, and you have the material for your own picture.

When the shot and shell, the grape and canister, begin to whiz about the ears of a regiment of armed soldiers, they can usually "hit back" and return the fire. When it becomes too hot, they know they can "retreat in good order"; that as a last resort, they can adopt the famous cry of Napoleon's Old Guard at Waterloo, "*Sauve qui peut*,"—"Save himself who can." But what shall a regiment of wounded men do, in like circumstances? Add yet to this number a small horde of worthless camp followers and cowards, who always infest that part of an army which is farthest from danger, with their doleful fears and their more doleful rumors from the front, and you have some conception of a night in a field hospital after a drawn battle.

Army life afforded frequent illustration of some singular anticipations of coming danger. A similar illustration was that of the case of the gifted and charming Margaret Fuller, whose tragic fate on Fire Island Rock, near New York Harbor, sent such a thrill of horror throughout the country in the year 1850. She had been abroad four years, most of the time at Rome. When about to embark from her home abroad to the land of her birth, she found herself under a cloud of apprehension which no effort of her strong will could dispel. To a friend she wrote: "Various omens have combined to give me a dark feeling. In

case of mishap, however, I shall perish with husband and child." Again she wrote: "It seems to me that my future on earth will soon close. Have a vague expectation of some crisis, I know not what. Yet my life proceeds as regularly as a Greek tragedy, and I can but accept the pages as they turn." On the day of sailing, she "lingered for a final hour on shore, almost unable to force herself to embark." During all the long homeward voyage across the Atlantic the same shadow hung over her. They were not long out when the captain of the vessel sickened and died of smallpox. Two days later her own little boy was attacked with the same fell disease, and came near death's door, but recovered. After two weary months of anxiety and when almost in sight of the harbor, the vessel suddenly went to pieces on Fire Island Rock, less than 100 yards from the Long Island shore, and completed the tragedy so strongly foreshadowed in her own mind, by engulfing together husband, wife and child.

Every one is familiar with the shadows that would continue to flit over and darken the rugged pathway of the lamented President Lincoln with their portents of impending personal disaster, which at the very zenith of his lofty career came so undeservedly, so suddenly and so tragically. The most marked case of morbid presentiments, however, that has come under my own observation, was in connection with the Pea Ridge battle. Just one month to a day prior to that event, Lieutenant Neff, of my company, was seized with a foreboding that he could not throw off.

On the night of February 7, at Lebanon, Missouri, where the regiment camped on its march, Lieutenant Neff spent the whole night in sleepless vigilance, and when at last morning came, he revealed to me the cause of his deep emotion. He had been my companion daily and almost hourly for the last five months. I knew every mood and phase of his usually sunny life. He was a man of genial life and high social qualities, dwelling habitually upon the sunny side of life and possessing a large fund of anecdotes, with which it was his custom to beguile the monotony of camp life. But from that fell hour the whole current of his mental activity was changed. The clear limpid stream, suddenly and without apparent cause, became dark and turbid. He had



a conviction that his time had come. He made every preparation for it. His mind dwelt continually upon it and time did not serve to efface this conviction. It did not, however, affect his performance of duty. When one week later we came upon the enemy, he was in his place and never shrank once in the face of danger. So far as I know, he was the first man shot on the morning at Pea Ridge, and that, too, by a stray ball, some time before we got into action.

He died in the heat of that terrible day,  
A day that shall live in story;  
In the rocky land they placed his clay,  
And left him alone in his glory.

There was one phase of this class of phenomena very common in the army and often very baleful. It came to be known as homesickness. Sometimes sickness, which was not readily cured, brought first discontent, and then despondency; a conviction that they would not recover without better treatment and better care, followed by the longing for the comforts of home. This too often settled into a despair that greatly lessened the chances of recovery, and carried many a brave soldier to an untimely grave. But if some lives were lost by despondency and homesickness, many, many more were saved by "clear grit," by the force of will alone, stimulated by a conviction of duty. The man whose cot lay next to mine in the hospital at Cassville, after Pea Ridge, had been shot through the lungs. Whenever the wound in his breast was unbandaged, the air bubbled out at every expired breath. His surgeons told him he could not live. But he bravely said he would live, and sure enough he did live, got well, and served out his time in the ranks. The world has yet to learn the real value of courage, based upon devotion to the truth. "As a man thinketh, so is he."

My first view of the rebel dead strewn upon the field was at the battle of Arkansas Post, January 10, 1863; a spirited affair in which the army and navy united to compass an easy victory. Aside from two days and nights of wading and standing around in the mud, with clothing drenched with rain; with what came near being a forty-eight hours' fast—Arkansas Post was a large victory at a small cost. We had captured an important military post at a time in the war when victories were the exception and not the rule. It

served to reassure the army and prepare it for the splendid victories that awaited us under Generals Grant, Sherman and McPherson, from Vicksburg to Chattanooga during the year 1863. But after the first flush of excitement and joy was over, as we traversed the lines of the Arkansas Post intrenchments, the savage execution of our arms was apparent enough. Everywhere were the torn and mangled bodies of the rebel dead, scattered over the ground where the death-dealing weapons had left them. In ordinary death we see only the lifeless form, white hands, pallid face and sunken cheek. In the "grim visage of war" we saw more. We saw the gaping mouth and glaring eye over which the dull color of the butternut uniform cast its sickly hue. But here a still worse picture met the eye in face contortions; in brainless skulls; in limbless and headless bodies; here an arm, there a leg and close by, two booted and stockinged feet, still standing in their place but from which had crawled away the mangled body, leaving the red stains as the life blood gushed out.

Arkansas or Arkansaw, as their own people mostly pronounce it, though a state of great fertility and rich in undeveloped resources, contained at that time a wretched population. The people were, as a class, ignorant and lazy. It was decidedly a land of corndodgers and poor fiddlers. I wish I could render a little of the "Arkansas Traveler," a ridiculous song so popular in Missouri and elsewhere south, in those days:

Way daun in Aukinsaw, daun b'low, daun b'low;  
Whar they eat the bar meat raw, daun b'low, daun b'low,  
And the taters skin and a', daun b'low, daun b'low.

Referring to the kind of fare the Arkansas people liked best, they used to say that a true Arkansas breakfast consisted of "Three whiskey cocktails and a chew of tobacco."

From Arkansas Post we returned to Youngs Point, Louisiana, just above Vicksburg, where we remained during February and March, 1863. During the two months after our arrival there, we suffered greater loss than can ever be told. Amidst the incessant rains and the constant overflowing of the river banks, we were driven hither and thither in search of a dry spot upon which to pitch our tents; or in the expressive words of our leader, Sherman, "were compelled to roost on the levees when no



other dry spot could be found." The history of the regiment for these two months of February and March is a tale of sorrow. The health of many of the men was already undermined by a six months' sojourn in the malarial regions of the lower Mississippi and it seemed that but few could withstand the debilitating and enervating influences of this insalubrious climate.

The smallpox came now for the first time into our ranks. Scores of our boys hitherto stout and rugged, were prostrated past recovery and now lie buried in the narrow graves near where the hospitals once dotted that region, while others only recovered long afterwards, in the mountains of Tennessee and Georgia or on the sandy plains of the Carolinas. The ordeal of these unpropitious months was the more grievous because it had all the evils of the battlefield with none of its honors. A historian of the war says of this period:

Death was holding high carnival in every encampment. Acres of graveyards were soon visible in these most dismal swamps. The dying increased as the flood increased, till at length the dead were buried on the levee, whither the army had been driven. There they continued to be buried till, it is not too much to say, the levee was formed near its outer surface with dead men's bones, like the layers of stones in a work of masonry. When, after more than two months' stay in this vicinity the army moved away, it left the scene of its encampment the Golgotha of America.<sup>7</sup>

The army was a good place to study character. The men were thrown constantly together, and thus compelled to reveal to their comrades almost every act and thought of their lives. Any peculiarities soon became manifest, and sooner or later, the "true inwardness" of every man revealed itself. Whether selfish or unselfish; good-natured or ill-natured; peaceable or quarrelsome; hopeful or despondent; pious or profane, (in fact, mostly the latter); industrious or indolent; brave or cowardly. A great many people in this world are moody. Most civilized people have at least two suits of clothes, one for every day and one for Sunday. They seldom wear their Sunday suit at home.

I think it was Madame De Stael, that most brilliant and witty of all brilliant French women, who said: "The more I know of men, the better I like dogs." It is a common proverb, I believe, among women, that all husbands treat their second wives better

<sup>7</sup>Ingersoll—Iowa and the Rebellion. p. 159.

than their first, and all other women better than their own. Personally I do not believe it is true, but I do believe that a great many people make themselves unnecessarily disagreeable at certain times and in certain moods. This was especially true in army life. The men were huddled so closely together, had so many real causes of grievance, and so many more imaginary ones, that they often jostled each other without cause. What wonder if they became selfish and quarrelsome and troublesome when their rations were lean, their raiment thin, their comforts small and their duties hard. It was often difficult to harmonize conflicting interests. A boy in my old company, whose name was Orlando Searles, took it into his head for some reason, I know not what, for he was only sixteen years old, to call himself "Old Hackett" and very soon he was known as "Old Hackett" and always called "Old Hackett." "Old Hackett" was brimful of good nature and broad humor. He was the self-appointed peacemaker of the company. He was sure to find enough absurd, ridiculous or funny points in every quarrel and against every complainant to laugh both parties out of it. It was impossible to get mad at him or resist his sallies of wit. Though a "high private in the rear ranks," and not quite like Dickens' Mrs. Fezziwig, "one vast, substantial smile," yet "Old Hackett" as a peacemaker, God bless him, was worth his weight in gold.

Since the time when Charles Sumner made his masterly speech in the United States Senate in 1860, choosing as his subject, "The Barbarism of Slavery," denouncing its influence on character, society and civilization, the barbarism of slavery has been illustrated in a thousand forms. One instance that came home to me with great force occurred at the first capture of Jackson, the capital of Mississippi, just prior to the siege of Vicksburg. Having a leisure hour, I walked out to the State Penitentiary, whose doors that morning had been thrown open, all the convicts being pressed into the rebel ranks. One old white-haired man alone remained. Suddenly set free, and left there alone, after thirty years of continuous imprisonment, he seemed at a loss where to go or what to do. His intelligent and kindly face was attractive, and, approaching, I ventured some inquiries. This led to a brief history of the old man's checkered life from his own lips.



He told me that he was born and educated in Fall River, Massachusetts, and learned the trade of carpenter and joiner. In the year 1832, he went south to seek his fortune, working at his trade. Landing at Mississippi City, he soon found employment and boarded in a private family. Six months later he was caught in that invisible cord whose silver strands bind together kindred hearts, and became enamored of a young woman employed at needlework in the house. This woman, he said, was endowed with rare beauty and intelligence. Unfortunately, her otherwise aristocratic southern blood was tintured with one-sixteenth African. In other words, she was a semi-octoroon, and a slave, though her complexion was as fair and pure as that of any woman in the town. To this woman he was plighted in marriage, and they started on their way north, through Alabama, making their way rapidly and successfully until he was suddenly prostrated by sickness. He urged her to go on and he would follow, but she resolutely refused. The delay proved terribly fatal to their plans and hopes. The trail had been found and followed, until as they were about escaping into the mountain ranges of East Tennessee where friendly hands would surely have helped them forward, they were overtaken. She was carried back into slavery, he never knew where, and he was thrown into jail, whence he was sent to the Alabama State Prison, for the crime of "Abducting a slave from her master." At the expiration of a twenty year term of imprisonment, instead of being released, he was turned over to the state authorities of Mississippi on a now twenty year old indictment, for the further crime of "Attempting to marry a slave"; and though he had the sympathy of both judge and jury, and was given the lightest sentence allowed under the laws of Mississippi, he was "sent up" for another ten years.

He completed his remarkable story in these touching words: "In three months more I should have completed thirty years imprisonment in these two penitentiaries for two offences, neither one of which would have been even so much as indictable in my own native state of Massachusetts."

Seeing that I had become deeply interested in his story, he requested me to go with him to a neighboring cell, where he took the half of a pair of broken handcuffs, which had encased

his own wrists, and asked me to keep it in remembrance of a heartbroken, homeless and now helpless old man. This little memento of that old man's sorrowful story I took from his hand, and shall keep as long as I live. As I looked into the face of the white-haired, but broken-spirited and penniless man, my blood boiled with indignation and I realized as never before the barbarism of slavery. And I shall never cease to reverently bless the Most High for the Emancipation Proclamation, which Theodore Tilton said "Bound the Nation and unbound the Slave" and of which President Lincoln himself afterwards said: "It is the central act of my administration and the great event of the Nineteenth Century."<sup>8</sup>

I shall not soon forget the dismay of 300 factory girls in a large cotton mill on the banks of the Pearl River in Jackson at General Sherman's order to "clear the building and set it on fire." The factory contained looms enough to employ 300 girls, weaving a heavy-bodied, light-colored cotton jean. General Sherman had good evidence that they were manufacturing cloth for rebel uniforms, and hence the order to burn that sent such consternation among these poor girls, many of whom ran back and forth in wild excitement at being so suddenly thrown out of employment. All too many of them no doubt were thus left both penniless and homeless—one might almost say of girls in their situation, hopeless. The order was probably necessary, and yet to these 300 factory girls it seemed only harsh. It was harsh. And, indeed, such must ever be nearly all the concomitants of cruel war, especially of civil war.

That night we left the Capital to march upon Vicksburg, but before starting I found time to go over to the Confederate Hotel for supper. At the head of the table stood the good-natured landlord, a fat, old man, known as "Old McMackin," who, they said, had kept the same hotel under different names for near thirty years. He followed the odd habit of standing at the head of the table and calling out in a singsong, lazy tone the bill of fare, set to rhyme in some doggerel verses:

Here's yer jellies and yer jam,  
Yer veal cutlets and yer ham,  
Yer petatoes mashed, and yer squashes squashed,  
Yer peach pie and yer bread made o' rye.

<sup>8</sup>Carpenter—*Six Years in the White House*, p. 90.



When asked why he continued such an absurd custom, he replied that it was purely from the force of habit; that when he first opened the house many years ago, it being the principal hotel in the capital city, he had at his table a good many members of the legislature, and that he found it necessary to call out the bill of fare because so many of his boarders could not read. The price charged for my supper was \$1.50, which I paid by giving the clerk a ten dollar Confederate bill handed me by one of my boys during the day, and received in change \$8.50 in United States currency.

The same landlord went to General Sherman for protection, as a "law-abiding Union man," which fact, the General quietly remarked, was manifest from the sign of his hotel, which was the Confederate Hotel, the sign "United States" being faintly painted out and "Confederate" painted over it. In the dusk of the evening, as we marched away, this "Confederate Hotel" also was seen to be in flames and by its lurid light illumined the whole city for miles around.

Forty-eight hours after leaving Jackson, we took position in the outer works which environed Vicksburg, having in seventeen days marched a distance of 225 miles, on about six days' rations. May 19, after severe skirmishing and a final assault, the regiment succeeded in getting a good position about seventy-five yards from the enemy's line of works, protected in front and flank by a semi-circular ridge the crest of which was immediately converted into a line of earthworks, supported on the right by the Twenty-sixth Iowa and on the left by the Thirtieth Iowa. Some difficulty was at first experienced in getting up supplies of ammunition and food, as no one could leave our position in daylight without exposing himself to the rebel sharpshooters, constantly on the watch. In a few days covered ways were constructed, which made the passage sufficiently safe.

On May 22, in line with the whole Army of the Tennessee, we went up to the assault. Our colors went down a few feet from the rebel works, after the last one of the color guard had fallen, either killed or wounded, and its dripping folds were drawn from under the bleeding body of its prostrate bearer. In the few terrible moments of this assault our regiment lost seventy-nine killed and wounded, or nearly one-third the number in action.

But this was not all. The assault failed; and we found ourselves lying in ravines, behind logs, close up to and partly under the protection of the rebel works. There we lay and were compelled to lie, till darkness gave us a cover under which to escape. Here again I pay tribute to those who fell: to Captain F. M. Kelsey, and Lieutenants Jacob Jones, Henry P. Wilbur and Edward Tyrell who fell while leading their companies to the assault; and to Captain F. S. Washburn who was mortally wounded at the head of the regiment. Our loss on May 19 was sixteen men; and when on the morning of Independence Day, the enemy came out and stacked his arms and colors on the works, our total loss in the siege was 121. "They slept an iron sleep—slain for their country." The same evening, July 4, found us marching away again toward the State Capital, where we took part in the siege of Jackson, now fortified and defended by the rebel Joe Johnston, who was soon put to rout.

The Fifteenth Army Corps to which we belonged almost from the date of its organization, always had faith in "Billy Sherman," or "Crazy Billy," as General William T. Sherman was often familiarly called in those days.

The "Stay-at-home Rangers" in the North might say what they would of "our Billy," but the boys of the Fifteenth Corps had faith in him. They believed he would fight—believed he would look after his men—believed he knew what he was doing—believed he could lead them to victory if anybody could. In other words, they believed him a man of brains, a man of heart, and above all else, a man of action. But they were also ready to do battle under any other fighting man. And at last our Fourth Division of the Fifteenth Corps did serve for two days and two nights under "Fighting Joe Hooker."

I must pass over a long and ever-radiant page of our history, from Vicksburg to Chattanooga, where we found ourselves on the night of November 23, 1863, at the foot of Lookout Mountain, cut off from the rest of Sherman's Corps by a broken pontoon bridge stretched over the Tennessee River, and were temporarily attached to the command of General Joe Hooker.

The first and only written order we had from Hooker was received that night: "Be ready next morning to move at six, and fight at seven." We were ready as ordered; but did no fighting



till the afternoon of the 24th. It was a misty, cloudy, murky day, and we were drawn up in line at one o'clock at the foot of Lookout Mountain, the sides of which, at this point, were exceedingly steep and rugged. We were ordered to advance. A more appropriate order would have been to ascend, as it was a feat of climbing rather than of marching. We obeyed orders as best we could, climbing up the steep sides and clambering over the huge rocks as they lay piled one upon the other.

It was a wild weird way that we went. It was a dark and dismal afternoon. The thunders of battle were rolling and reverberating about and above us. Away in the distance to our left, Sherman was deploying his troops and planting his batteries along the foot of Missionary Ridge. The closed ranks and heavy guns of Thomas were in the center; close up to which, on Pilot Knob stood General Grant, turning wistfully from right to left, in the vain effort to follow the movements of the two armies in the gathering mists. But we were crowding up the mountain side into the very muzzles of the enemy's cannon as they belched forth with flame and smoke their fiery missiles over our heads. The hoarse voice of command ordered "Halt." But the intoxication of battle carried our line steadily forward. On we climbed, still up the rocky heights, over fallen trees, through tangled thickets, into unexplored ravines, until we were beyond and behind a large part of the rebel host as they stood shivering with fear behind their breastworks, hastily constructed of cordwood, and sowing the unoccupied hillsides below thick with their harmless minie balls. There was nothing left for them to do but to surrender, stack their arms and march down where we had just come up.

At length as we neared the summit of this mighty "Bulwark of everlasting hills," the darkness of cloud and mist was made intense by the darkness of night, and we halted, resting upon our arms and sending a detail down for hard tack and coffee.

This battle has been immortalized by the genius of Benjamin F. Taylor, whose poetical and beautiful description is as follows:

Night was closing in and the scene was growing sublime. The battery at Moccasin Point was sweeping the road to the mountain. The brave little fort at its left was playing like a heart in a fever. The rebel cannons at the top of Lookout were pounding away at their lowest

depression. The flash of the guns fairly burned through the clouds; there was an instant of silence, here, there, yonder, and the tardy thunder leaped out after the swift light. For the first time, perhaps, since that mountain began to burn beneath the gold and crimson sandals of the sun, it was in eclipse. The cloud of the summit and the smoke of the battle had met half way and mingled. Here was Chattanooga, but Lookout had vanished!

It was Sinai over again, with its thunderings and lightnings and thick darkness—and the Lord was on our side. Then the storm ceased, and occasional dropping shots tolled off the evening till half-past nine—then a crashing volley, a rebel yell, and a desperate charge. It was their goodnight to our loyal boys; goodnight to the mountain.<sup>9</sup>

On the morrow as we again shouldered arms at early dawn to complete the ascent, we missed the music of the rebel shot and shell. The glittering sunlight, leaping from the crest of Missionary Ridge, away in the east, fell upon the Stars and Stripes again floating upon the summit of Pulpit Rock. We enjoyed a sublime view of the wonderful panorama spread out before us; a scene of varied hue and grandeur; of city and plain; of winding river and mountain range; a bird's-eye view of surpassing beauty of nature's own scenery from six different states. Our part of the great battle of Missionary Ridge on November 25 was a contest of legs rather than of arms; the rebels running to get away from us; we running to catch them. Having descended from Lookout Mountain early in the day, we were marched away over the plain to Ross's Gap, a fissure and roadway through Missionary Ridge, guarded by a detachment of infantry and artillery, which we easily put to flight.

Having been ordered to stack arms, our boys were strolling about when suddenly came dashing down into our midst a gay young officer in butternut uniform, riding one of Kentucky's fleetest thoroughbred horses. Before he could realize his situation, he was surrounded by a half-dozen bluecoats, with pointing revolvers, and ordered to dismount. He proved to be a son and aid-de-camp of the rebel General Breckenridge, sent down to reconnoitre. At this moment the signal officer on Lookout Mountain, four miles away in the rear, signalled General Hooker that a strong rebel column was starting along the crest of Missionary Ridge, with the evident purpose of driving us back. Our bugleman sounded the "assembly" and we were hastily formed

<sup>9</sup>Ingersoll—Iowa and the Rebellion. p. 580.



into line, over the crest of the Ridge, and ordered "forward, double quick."

From that time till dark we maintained a running fight, repeatedly striking and doubling back the head of the rebel column, and never once giving them a chance to form a sufficient line seriously to check our advance. That night was cold and bleak, and we were compelled to huddle about our scanty camp fires without either blanket or food until four o'clock next morning, when our previous day's combined dinner and supper at last reached us. I can this moment see all about me, as when I stood there years ago on that bleak November night, on the brow of that historic Ridge, those thickly-studded knots of shivering, hungry soldiers, good-naturedly recounting the incidents of the day. It was indeed a rough, bleak night but little we cared; for another great battle was done and victory won, and our lives were yet spared by the God of Battles, while the enemy was utterly routed and in full retreat. Our year's work mainly ended with this great battle. And to us who survived, it had been a glorious year; a year of great marches and great battles, a year of great victories; and crowned, at last, with the greatest victory of all. It began to give some promise and hope of a successful and speedy termination of this unholy war. And for this most of all, our hearts rejoiced.

Time utterly fails me even to make mention of the still later marches and countermarches, battles and victories, of this eventful year; of the soldierly celebration of New Year's Day in northern Georgia wherein every able-bodied man of my regiment attested his patriotism by promptly re-enlisting for another "three years or during the war"; of the consequent twenty days' furlough at home; of the honors received by the way, notably those bestowed by the patriotic citizens of Dubuque; of our prompt return, bringing 125 three year recruits; and I plunge headlong into the middle of the immortal Atlanta Campaign.

At Dallas, Georgia, on May 27, 1864, having lain upon our arms during the night, the regiment was attacked at daybreak simultaneously in front and flank, by a strong force, but handsomely repelled the charge and drove the enemy back. Next day, the 28th, we were again attacked, and this time with great force and fury. For two years we had been digging intrench-

ments; for the last twelve months almost continually, and since the beginning of the present campaign, incessantly day and night. As yet, not the first opportunity had been afforded to use them. So far we had only dug to go forward and leave our works in the rear. Now, suddenly, we had our reward for all this labor. At 4 p. m. without warning and as the rush of an avalanche, came the excited, confident, yelling thousands of the rebel Hardie's corps. They swept our skirmishers to the ground. Our men in the trenches waited to see their comrades come in from the front before firing, but they came not; and in their stead was the advance of the rebel line. That moment they were met by such a volley as scattered them from the spot. They tried to rally, once, twice and even a third time, but to no avail. All who could, betook themselves to places of safety, and as our skirmishers followed them out over the ground where so short a time since their lines were advancing, they found it strewn with the killed and wounded. That few moments' experience behind breastworks had taught us, and the whole Fifteenth Army Corps, such a lesson as was never forgotten; the lesson that no number of men could have driven them that day, nor ever afterwards, from behind a line of earthworks.

It was the boldest and fiercest attack that Johnston ever made upon us, and it miserably failed. From this place, we went to New Hope church, thence to Big Shanty. And from June 19 to July 3, we remained close up under the frowning brow of Kenesaw Mountain and within easy range of the line of batteries that bristled from its crest and belched forth upon our unprotected heads its periodical discharge of iron hail. Several of our men were fearfully mangled by shot and shell from their batteries.

This Atlanta campaign was prosecuted with the most wonderful energy. General Sherman was a man of extreme nervous temperament, and pushed forward every part of his army with the utmost vigor. The Confederate army was crowded back at every point, and followed up day and night. All our supplies were kept close up to the front, and even railroad bridges, burned by the rebels as they retreated, were sometimes replaced in a night.

Sherman tells a good story on a Confederate soldier who was on Kenesaw Mountain during our advance, regarding the railroad tunnel at Dalton, through which all our supply trains had to pass:

A group of rebels lay in the shade of a tree one hot day, overlooking our camps at Big Shanty. One soldier remarked to his fellows: "Well, the Yanks will have to git up and git now, for I heard General Johnston himself say that Wheeler had blown up the tunnel at Dalton and that the Yanks would have to retreat, because they could get no more rations." "Oh, hell!" said a listener, "don't you know that Old Sherman carries a duplicate tunnel along?"

From Kenesaw Mountain we went to Marietta, the Chattahooche River, Roswell Factory and Decatur, and were in front of Atlanta in time to take part on July 22 in handsomely driving back a strong rebel column and retaking a battery of Parrott guns that had just been lost on our left. We could but take honest pride in having the honor of helping turn the first success of the new rebel leader, General Hood, into a withering defeat before night, and of avenging the death of our own beloved McPherson.

I had been almost three years in active service in the army, and had taken part in some of the most hotly-contested battles of the war, before I ever really saw two hostile armies in the midst of battle. Soldiers as a rule had poor opportunities of witnessing those grand views of contending armies, pictures of which are everywhere so common. These views came not to those who stood at their posts in the front line, but to that other army of camp followers, newspaper correspondents, and the like, who always did their fighting at long range and who were able to send home glowing accounts of battle scenes because they were not in the fights. I tried that method of fighting for a part of one day, and had the usual reward, getting a splendid view of one of the great battles of the war, that of Atlanta, July 22, 1864.

It was the greatest battle of the Atlanta campaign and indeed the last great battle of Sherman's army. At daybreak on the twenty-second our army found the rebel earthworks in their front deserted. And many hoped it was a final retreat—that our Atlanta campaign was ended. It soon enough proved otherwise. It was only a sudden change of front, for a final struggle



to drive us thence. It was an adroit flank movement to strike us hard at a weak point. At first they met with real success. Our lines did, for the time, waver. Some gaps were made, through one of which the gallant McPherson rode hastily to his death at 11 A. M. as he was bravely trying to direct his army to resist the assault.

From that hour, the battle raged with the greatest fury in front of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps. Line after line was formed along our whole front and hurled desperately forward. They were shattered and scattered and slain, and the staggering survivors could only retreat to again rally, with the reinforcements rapidly led forward. They, too, in turn, went down before the livid lightning of our steady lines. Yet other lines were formed, came wavering on, in great serpentine columns, only to meet the fate of those who had before been sacrificed in the insane hope of breaking our solid and serried ranks. It was an awful sight. Fifty thousand armed men confronting each other, counting not their lives dear unto themselves, if they could but stand, and withstand the terrible ordeal. The din of artillery, the roar of musketry, uninterrupted and increasing as the day sped was like pent-up peals of rolling thunder. It was a grand and awful scene. A sublime day in the history of the Republic, though in it many a brave man fell, to rise no more.

Will I be blamed if I linger a moment, even at this distance, to drop a tear over the sacred memory of a long-lost, but not forgotten brother? I know I may claim many in the great brotherhood of humanity and patriotism, and doubtless may even join hands with many an one whose heart chords are often made tremulous over the evergreen memory of a slain brother, father or affectionate son.

It was in the heat of one of those two terrible days at Atlanta, in the second one of which the noble McPherson with so many of his gallant men received their final discharge. Among them my own younger brother was ruthlessly slain, at the head of the old veteran Third Iowa, in a charge made by a part of the Seventeenth Corps. I sought the privilege of taking his remains away from this bloody field and to our old home for Christian burial. The hard fortunes of war denied me even this poor privilege. His body lies buried near the scene of his last struggle

and final sacrifice upon the holy altar of his country; near the spot where his spirit—the spirit of a loving brother, an affectionate son and a patriot soldier—took its flight.

I would not if I could, forget the last brave words that passed his whitening lips. He said calmly, but with bated breath: "My time has come at last, and I must go. But tell Mother I have done my duty and am ready."

And when the sun in all his state  
Illumed the western skies,  
He passed through glory's morning gate  
And walked in Paradise.

A soldier's grave he was not denied. A soldier's burial he was not refused; for we laid him away gently, "With his martial cloak around him." His grave yonder upon the stony hillside, under the tropical rays of the sun in central Georgia, may go ever undecorated until the echo of the final trumpet shall proclaim the general assembly of all the earth. And yet I do not forget that he was only one of the many, many thousand brothers and sons of Iowa, whose lives must needs have been laid upon the bloody altar.

On September 22, 1864, while our army was lying for a few days in and around Atlanta, it was my fortune to witness the return of some of our Union soldiers from the Andersonville prison pens. In that Atlanta campaign prisoners were being constantly captured on both sides. The men taken from our army had been for months hurried away to Andersonville. At last an exchange of prisoners was arranged for, and it was announced that the first trainload was approaching our lines. As the iron horse moved slowly along past our picket outposts and approached within the Union lines, the banks of the railway were lined with our soldiers to witness and welcome a trainload of their old comrades direct from the horrors of Andersonville.

And who shall depict the scene that met their eyes? Strong, stalwart, sun-browned men already inured to the hardest of hardships, in two short months reduced to literal skeletons, haggard, nerveless, spiritless, almost naked. Of hats and shoes next to nothing was left. Of coats, I need not speak, for they had none. Of the trousers and shirts that alone remained, and with which they vainly sought to cover their bodies from midnight chill and

midday sun, scarcely a garment that was not either measurably legless or armless. It was indeed an affecting sight, that long line of standing skeletons, almost naked. And yet when cheer after cheer from the ranks that lined either side of the slowly moving train aroused them to the fact that they were, at last, back again among their old comrades, the joy that shone from their eyes, beamed forth from their white faces, and otherwise manifested itself from their feeble actions, was a sight never to be forgotten. Some tried to hurrah, others to sing; some laughed, some cried; while in many more, the emotions were too deep for any utterance. And yet in every attitude and look were unmistakable evidences of the joy of deliverance from a living death; of an escape from loathsome tombs; of a resurrection to new life.

On October 4 we were again hurried off at "double quick" after the rebel General Hood, whom Jefferson Davis had recently placed in command of Joe Johnston's army with the hope of resisting and checking Sherman's further progress into the heart of the Confederacy. Hood had failed to keep us out of Atlanta. He now tried a bold scheme to force us back, by a flank movement intended to attack our lines of communication and cut off our supplies. We followed him rapidly back nearly 200 miles, through Marietta, Rome and Resaca, and across into Alabama and then again "about faced" and retraced our steps to Atlanta, Sherman telegraphing to General Grant, November 2, "I want to prepare for my big raid; I regard the further pursuit of Hood as useless. The best results will follow my contemplated movement through Georgia."

To which Grant's laconic answer was: "Go on!"

Before starting on his "big raid," Sherman issued a general order in which he said: "The army will forage liberally on the country during the march."<sup>10</sup> The General, himself, tells a story illustrating how well this order was understood and executed. Standing by the roadside a few days after the orders were issued, while his army was marching through Covington, Georgia, a soldier passed him with a ham on his musket, a jug of sorghum molasses under his arm and a big piece of honey in his hand, from which he was eating. Catching Sherman's eye, he

<sup>10</sup>Sherman—*Memoirs*. V. II, p. 175.



remarked *sotto voce* and carelessly to a comrade: "Forage liberally on the country," quoting from the general orders.

November 15 we started with Sherman's army on its famous "March to the Sea." In describing this remarkable trip and the manner in which we lived off the country as we traveled, often leaving more provisions in camp as we left it in the morning than the whole army had consumed, there only remains to copy from my daily journal, kept at the time, a few days' record:

*Sunday, November 13.* At daybreak we received orders to be ready to march at seven o'clock. We started promptly on time and marched through Atlanta and two miles east, a distance of sixteen miles. Saw Atlanta today for the first time, and it looks sorry enough in all conscience; but probably not half so bad as it will tomorrow. It still contains, after all the destruction of property, many fine buildings and even whole brick blocks.

It will be seen that we commenced this great march, as we did so many marches and battles in the war, on Sunday. Of the destruction of Atlanta, here foreshadowed, General Sherman's own record is as follows:

About 7 A. M., November 16, we rode out of Atlanta by the Decatur road, filled by the marching troops and wagons of the Fourteenth Corps; and reaching the hill, just outside of the old rebel works, we naturally paused to look back upon the scenes of our past battles. We stood upon the very ground whereon was fought the bloody battle of July 22, and could see the copse of wood where McPherson fell. Behind us lay Atlanta, smouldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in air, and hanging like a pall over the ruined city.<sup>11</sup>

I must omit the record of the intervening days, and quote the records of two Sundays more, only.

*Sunday, November 20.* Started at 6 A. M. our division and brigade in advance. Got a mile or two before daylight. Passed through Hillsboro, and marched direct for Macon, stopping at Clinton, twelve miles from Macon. Reached camp at 8:30 P. M. in the rain, having come twenty miles.

Pretty good Sabbath day's journey, twenty miles, beginning an hour before daylight, and ending two hours after dark, and in the rain!

It should not be forgotten that all arrangements for cooking and eating supper, preparing beds upon which to stretch the

<sup>11</sup>Sherman—*Memoirs*. Vol. II, p. 178.

weary limbs, details for guard duty and other precautions for the night's defense had to be made after we reached camp. And many a night the bed, made simply of rails, over which one-half the single blanket was spread, formed a most grateful protection from the damp, wet or muddy ground. There is a limit to physical and nervous endurance. Is it any wonder that many a soldier, under the terrible strain to which he was so often subjected, finally gave up in despair and fell out by the way, never to return?

Again I pass over six days' record, for a last quotation.

*Sunday, November 27.* At 7 A. M. were ordered out to tear up railroad. Went four miles, worked till one o'clock, when we were ordered to rejoin the regiment—marched till nine o'clock, twenty-two miles.

So the days, even the Sundays, came and went, filled with work, tearing up railroads till one o'clock in the afternoon and then marching twenty-two miles and reaching camp at 9 P. M. tired, hungry, sleepy men.

It was in the closing days of this march and during the actual siege of Savannah, Georgia, that our boys were permitted to enjoy their well remembered rations of rice in three courses. The first course consisted of rice taken from the immense rice mills of that region, all hulled and nicely prepared for our camp kettles; for we were in the midst of the finest rice-growing plantations of America. When this supply of hulled rice gave out, the boys resorted to the bins of unhulled rice as it came from the threshing machines, which was about equal to so much unhulled barley or oats. And again when this delicacy had all been served up, a lively skirmish line deployed out over the fields for a vigorous attack upon the little stacks and bunches of cut and gathered, but unthreshed rice, which still dotted most of those broad, level rice fields of southern Georgia.

I scarcely need so much as even to mention the three days on parched corn that filled in the necessary gap between the last of the rice and the first boxes of hard tack that finally reached us from the Atlantic coast.

Having found Savannah a comfortable place to spend the Christmas and New Year's holidays, we embarked on January 13 of the new year, for a short ride out over the broad Atlantic,

landing at Beaufort, South Carolina. Plunging thence into the interior of the state, it was not many weeks till we built our camp fires, and lay down to sleep at night beneath the domes of another proud rebel capital. Columbia lay upon the hillside beyond us. Her haughty citizens could look down upon us at night, and we could now come beneath their very windows, and almost upon their thresholds.

The next night after our arrival was spent in being ferried across the Broad River, two miles above the city, and by daylight of the seventeenth, the Ninth Iowa, together with the Thirtieth and Thirty-first, charged through a bayou, sometimes up to their waists in the mud and water, upon a force of rebels opposed to us, and drove them from their position. This sealed at last the fate of Columbia, and gave us the pleasure of marching, an hour later, at the head of Sherman's army, into this hotbed of treason and the foul nest where secession was first hatched.

That night our boys pitched their tents, taken from the rebel storehouses around the capitol, and from thence furnished guards for the night, to the southwest quarter of the city, until driven away by that terrible night of fire and flame, wherein a city of 30,000 souls was instantly consumed. Does any one yet ask how Columbia was burned to the ground? Echo will ever answer, "How?" to every soldier who witnessed the awful sheet of red flame that canopied the whole wide expanse of heaven, as far as eye could reach, and which is so vividly photographed, to this day, upon the imagination of every surviving witness of that awful scene, and the causes of which, when rightly read between the lines, give color and ground for the bold comparison of Sherman, the statesman-soldier, vs. Wade Hampton, the political poltroon.

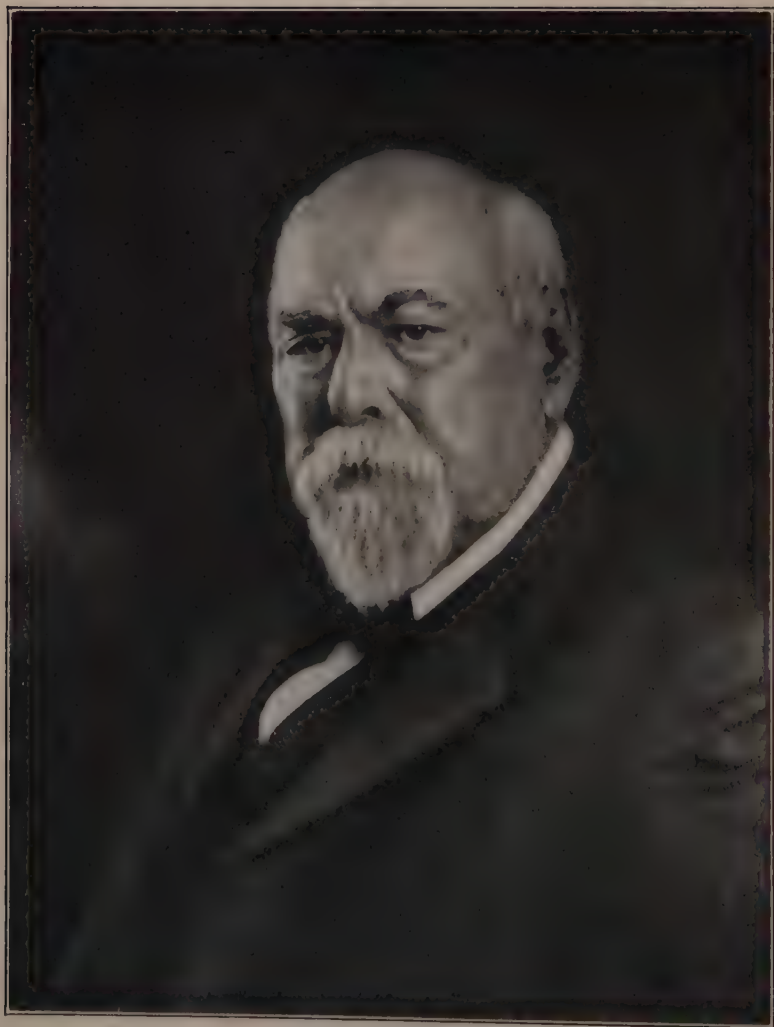
A few more weary stages up through the Carolinas brought us to Bentonville, North Carolina, and Raleigh, its beautiful capital, where we well remember the one day of gloomy suspense, succeeding the first vague report of President Lincoln's assassination. Thence in a triumphal march we went up through the proud old state of Virginia, via Petersburg, Richmond, Fredericksburg, Mount Vernon and Alexandria, to Washington, where we took part in the great military pageant of May 24, in the streets of the National Capital. Thence, westward, over the



mountains, down the Ohio river, to Louisville, Kentucky, whence at last the fortunate survivors of our oft-thinned ranks, with their final discharge, came "Marching Home."

And thus we left the conquered South. We left it neither in hate nor in anger. Any truthful picture of the great war, from whatever standpoint we view it, must needs present a sombre hue. And yet, even this great cloud of defeat and destruction and death; of wasted energies and ruined hopes, wherein all had been staked and all lost; even this dark cloud has to me its silver lining. After its night of defeat, is there not arising in the South, a new civilization whose bow of promise already spans the whole arch of heaven? This "Sunny South," this "Dixie Land," the fairest upon which the sun ever shone, is even now giving assurance of a great and glorious future. If the close of our first century of national life testified to the blessed inheritance we have received through the Revolutionary War, may not the close of a second century testify to the still greater benefits of the war for the suppression of rebellion, in the existence, on this continent, of a nation of a hundred million freemen, controlled by the supremacy of an enlightened public sentiment, and built on the immovable pillars of a free church, free schools and a free ballot?





**HON. MILO P. SMITH**  
**Judge of the Eighteenth Judicial District of Iowa**



## RECOLLECTIONS OF MARENGO

By JUDGE MILO P. SMITH<sup>1</sup>

I first saw the village of Marengo in January, 1862. It then had about five or six hundred inhabitants. I walked there from Leroy station (now Blairstown) on the Chicago and North-Western Railway. The snow was quite deep and walking hard. I crossed the river down where Robert McKee formerly had a ferry and went up town by the old hotel kept by the Ratcliffs. There were but few buildings then on either the south or west sides of the square, and the little town looked straggly, sickly and very bleak in its coat of snow. I stayed over night at Lewis Wilson's on the Koszta road, and the next day passed on my way westward. The railroad only ran to Victor then.

The next time I saw the place was in May, 1866, when I located there and began the practice of law. The town had grown some in the four years and then contained about eight hundred inhabitants, with but four brick buildings—the school house, the Presbyterian church, the court house, and L. Q. Reno's dwelling house—all the rest being wooden, some frame and some log buildings. Aside from Beaupre's Hall near the northwest corner of the public square, William Liddle's blacksmith shop and McConnell's millinery shop (where the First National Bank now stands) and the V. M. Ogle & Co.'s store, there were no other buildings on the west side. Mrs. Groff's dwelling,

<sup>1</sup>This article was originally written in 1909 at the request of the editor of the Marengo Republican and published in the home-coming edition of that paper, issued on October 18, 1909, on the occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Marengo. Judge Smith recently made some revision of the article for publication in the ANNALS. The author of the article, Milo P. Smith, was born in Delaware County, Ohio, July 16, 1835. He spent most of his youth in Washington County, Ohio, and came with his parents by covered wagon to Linn County, Iowa, in 1855. He graduated from Cornell College, Mount Vernon, in 1861. In 1862 he enlisted in Company C, Thirty-first Iowa Infantry. He was promoted several times and became captain of his company. Anticipating the fact that the war was almost over he resigned late in 1864 and entered the law department of the University of Michigan, and graduated therefrom in 1866. He entered the practice of law at Marengo, Iowa, in May, 1866. In 1874 he was elected district attorney of the Eighth Judicial District which was composed of Cedar, Jones, Johnson, Linn, Iowa, Benton and Tama counties, and was re-elected four years later, serving from 1875 to 1883. In 1882 he removed to Cedar Rapids and has continuously resided there since. In 1906 he was elected one of the judges of the Eighteenth Judicial District, composed of Cedar, Jones and Linn counties; was re-elected in 1910, 1914, and in 1918 for the term which will end in 1922. He occupies the bench acceptably to a most distinguished bar, and administers the duties of his office promptly, impartially and with exceptional ability. He surpasses in age the record of any presiding judge of which we have account, being well into his eighty-sixth year.—D. C. M.

where the Masonic building now stands, L. Q. Reno's store, Jake Hass' saloon, Charley Eckert's blacksmith shop, and the Marengo hotel on the southeast corner were all the buildings there were on the south side, while the north and the east sides were about half filled with buildings, many of which have long since disappeared.

The court house was a boxlike building standing close to the sidewalk on the east side of the park or square, the length being the breadth of the present old court house building, as it was afterwards improved. The county offices were all on the ground floor and were entered directly from the sidewalk, with no hall or staircase in the building. The second floor was reached by some outside steps at the south end, and up there was the court room, small, stuffy, but certainly well lighted. In place of carpet or linoleum the floor was covered with about one inch of sawdust, making a good deposit for tobacco spit. All the furniture was of the plainest kind, and unpainted except the judge's desk, and that was white. N. B. Vineyard was county treasurer and occupied the south room, while the middle room was used by the clerk of the court and the sheriff. W. G. Springer was clerk and his son, John C., deputy. Eli D. Akers was sheriff, and he had for deputy the irresponsible "Bill" Hastings, who could tell the biggest yarn of any man in the county. He used to tell it as a fact that he was driving a wagon loaded with loose gunpowder during the war through the city of Columbia, South Carolina, when it was burning, and that the powder caught fire and half the load burned up before he could tramp it out. But the Ananias Club had not been organized then. The county recorder (Judge John Miller) and the county judge (A. H. Willetts) occupied the north and remaining room of the building. I believe Mr. Jennis was county superintendent and Mr. Childers coroner. They both carried their offices in their hats.

The stores of general merchandise were those of L. Q. Reno on the south side and V. M. Ogle & Co. on the west side, and Scheuerman Bros. at the northeast corner of the square, where Eyrich so long had his shoe store. The only drug stores were run by Ed Alverson in the old Beaupre building on the west side, and by Williams & Garnes on the north side. Libby & Martin had a hardware store just south of Alverson's drug

store. Gus Holm, genial and accommodating, was running in connection with Myers Bros. of Davenport, a hardware store on the east side, and Henry Deffinbaugh had the office of the express company in the same room with him. Hon. John R. Serrin, representative in the legislature, was postmaster, and carried in the same room a stock of notions, wall paper, etc. His store was east of the southeast corner of the square, and the Masonic Lodge and Good Templar lodge met up stairs over his store. H. N. Redmond (Nice) and B. F. Haven each carried a small stock of goods. These were the chief parties engaged in business as I now recall them. A. J. Morrison ran the Clifton House and Uncle John Cone ran the hotel at the southeast corner of the square. John Dinwiddie, now the cashier of the Cedar Rapids Saving Bank, and secretary of the Bankers' association of Iowa, was learning to clerk in the store of B. F. Haven. He was very young and small.

Some years afterwards J. H. Branch came and established his bank. It is said he started with \$2,500, one-half of which he invested in a safe, which must have proven a good advertisement and investment, as his subsequent success showed. Drs. Bartlett, Grant and Huston were the leading physicians, though Drs. McFall and Alverson had some practice. Afterwards Drs. Eddy and Schultz came and both acquired a good practice and won for themselves enviable positions in the community for their learning, judgment and skill in their chosen profession.

The legal fraternity was represented by Martin & Kagy, J. H. Murphy & Bro., Templin & Feenan, Capt. (Judge) C. Hedges, and John Miller, who became my partner. Soon after I went there C. S. Lake and Charles E. Baker came up from Iowa City and established the firm of Lake & Baker. Capt. J. N. W. Rumble was at the time reading law in the office of Martin & Kagy, and Homer Wilson was reading with Templin & Feenan.

H. M. Martin (commonly called Hugh) was *facile princeps* of the bar of the county. He was a first rate lawyer, careful, painstaking and studious, and always kept abreast of the decisions of the supreme court of the state. Though not a man of great learning or especial breadth of general reading, he possessed excellent judgment and a good understanding, and was a splendid all-round lawyer. He was almost destitute of wit,



however, or the power of repartee. He was genial and pleasant, and was of fine physique and princely bearing, always dressed in the height of fashion, his clothes neatly fitting his almost perfect form, and his head always crowned with a silk hat. He was instinctively respected by all who met him, was admired by his associates and loved by his friends. He left Marengo shortly after I came and went to Davenport, and he and J. H. Murphy constituted the firm of Martin & Murphy, which became eminent and was known as one of the strongest law firms of the state. Mr. Martin died many years ago from the effects of an accident when on a visit to the Rocky Mountains. He was a man of affairs and acquired quite a property and left a generous estate to his family at the time of his death. His partner, Mr. Kagy, was a respectable lawyer, industrious and careful. He only remained in Marengo a few years, but early went to Muscatine and died many years ago.

J. H. Murphy, member of the firm of J. H. Murphy & Bro., was, as his name indicates, an Irishman, possessed of the unique distinction of being an Irishman born in Massachusettes. He was the son of a Yankee mother and there was no other man like him. "Jerry," as we called him, was a splendid judge of human nature, a pretty good lawyer, possessed a fair education, and had more than ordinary ability as a public speaker. Whether addressing the jury or speaking from a platform, he was very effective, and was always listened to with close attention. He had unusual assurance and unbounded faith in himself, and never hesitated to push his own claims or any claims in which he was interested to the utmost. His motto, and it was appropriate, was "If a man bloweth not his own horn, surely that horn shall not be blown." His horn was heard early and often. His self-esteem and egotism were most remarkable. It passed the line of boredom and disgust and become not only tolerable, but really pleasant and enjoyable. He was of a large, sturdy frame and was a man of affairs, and accumulated before his death considerable property. While the firm of Martin & Murphy existed in Davenport, I presume that Jerry Murphy could go to New York City and drum up more valuable collections against western merchants than any man in the state of Iowa. Soon after going to Davenport he began to take a great interest in politics,

was mayor of the city a long time, and represented his district in congress for a number of terms. He was whole-souled, open-handed, a generous man and one who loved a joke and appreciated all the good things that came his way. I heard Dr. Peck say once "There were a thousand people in Davenport who believed 'Jerry' Murphy was the greatest man in the state, because Jerry had told them so himself." He was the sort of man

Who, meeting Caesar's self, would slap his back,  
Call him "Old horse," and challenge to a drink.

I learned to respect him very much, and loved his company and genial conversation.

T. P. Murphy, commonly called "Tim," was a very good lawyer indeed. We regarded him as a much better lawyer than his brother, J. H. He was industrious, persevering, vigilant and very determined in any thing he undertook, and at times his logic was merciless. He was not, however, so good a business man, nor was he so good a talker as was his brother. He went years ago to Sioux City and at one time filled the office of United States district attorney for the northern district of Iowa.

After the departure of H. M. Martin, Mr. Hedges was recognized as the head of the bar of Iowa County, and, indeed, many thought he was not inferior to Mr. Martin. He had, I believe, a better education than any of those before mentioned. His general reading and his acquired information were very broad and very thorough. He had read law and was prepared for admission long before he was twenty-one years of age. He had read in the office of one of the best lawyers in Ohio, had been thoroughly drilled, and became versed in the common law and the principles of American jurisprudence, and but few lawyers in the state were his superiors in that respect. His mind had been well trained to investigation, reflection and accurate decision. He was a splendid pleader, and was an advocate of no mean ability. He could discover and present finer questions of law than any other member of the bar, and sustain them with better reasoning and more profundity if not lucidity of argument than almost any lawyer I ever knew. He was very firm and tenacious of purpose, and when he afterwards was elected judge of the Eighth Judicial Circuit of the state, he became eminent for the justness and fairness of his decisions, and for his firmness

and impartiality in dispensing justice. He was as fearless as death itself, and as honorable and upright as a man could be. He was always very plain and direct in expressing his opinion of men and things, and at times quite blunt, as was illustrated in the answer he made to Lawyer Clarkson, who blew into Marengo at one time, remained a few years, and departed between two days. On the occasion I refer to, Homer Wilson, who did not always use the best language in the world, was addressing the jury, when Mr. Clarkson turned to Hedges and remarked, "Homer's vernacular grates so harshly on my ears that I can scarcely stand it." Hedges instantly replied, "Cut your d—d ears off then." Such indulgence in the energetic idiom came so natural to him that it never seemed to be profane. Clarkson, however, afterwards partly evened up with the Judge upon being told that Hedges' first name was Christian, by saying, "What strange ideas his parents must have entertained of the character of Christ." In my early efforts in the practice of law in Iowa County I acquired more valuable information from Judge Hedges concerning the practice of law itself than I had acquired in all of my previous reading.

Mr. Templin, of the firm of Templin & Feenan, had formerly been a Methodist preacher of great power and unction, but abandoned the cloth for the court room. His enemies always insisted that he never forgot Paul's injunction in I Tim. 5:23. He was a good advocate and quite strong before a jury; was a man of good parts and acquired information, but not overly profound as a lawyer. He was not about Marengo very much, intrusting the business to his partner, Mr. Feenan, as a general thing. I never thought he deserved the implied excommunication administered to him by LeGrand Byington of Iowa City. They were trying the case of Byington vs. Scanlon that came to Marengo on change of venue from Johnson County. In addressing the jury Mr. Byington went for Templin's client, Scanlon. He described him as a thief, robber, perjurer and law-breaker, a moral pervert, a man without a single virtue to his credit, then pausing and pointing downward, he said, "And now, gentlemen of the jury, leaving Scanlon and descending the scale of human degradation, we come to Templin."



Mr. Feenan, as the name indicates, was an Irishman too, although he looked the least like it of any one you ever saw. He was rather below the medium size, trim built, with a good head, fine face and dressed always at the top of the fashion. His movements about the office or court room were stately, considerate and quiet, rarely in a hurry. His step as he walked upon the street would remind you of that of a cat walking in damp grass. He was not the profoundest lawyer, nor did he possess the strongest individuality in the world, but he was the soul of industry, with an unflagging zeal for the rights of his clients; was honest, careful and true, and became quite eminent in the line of probate law and commercial collections. He died a comparatively young man several years ago, quite well off.

Mr. Lake, of the firm of Lake & Baker, afterwards became a member of the well-known firm of Rumble & Lake, that flourished a number of years in the county. He spent the later years of his life at Marion, enjoying the respect of all who knew him, dying in 1917. I always thought that Mr. Lake had naturally the best legal mind of any lawyer in the county. His natural abilities were far above the average; his education, though not so broad as some, was solid and thorough, and his knowledge of the law and his ability to discern the main points in a case and the effect of a legal proposition were really invaluable. He was a fine pleader, and presented his questions to the court with clearness and fairness, so that it was a pleasure to listen to him, but he very much disliked the trial of jury cases. In the preparation of a case for the supreme court or in looking up the law applicable to a case in the trial court, he was wonderfully useful and successful.

Charles E. Baker remained in Marengo only about a year, when he returned to Iowa City, entered the office of Mr. Blackwell, became his partner and finally his successor, and then the senior member of the firm of Baker & Ball, now one of the oldest and best law firms in the state. I always had a fellow feeling for him, because he came to Marengo as poor as I was. He rendered valuable service to the profession in assisting to frame the Code of 1897. He has since passed away.

Mr. Rumble, as I have heretofore said, was a law student when I first knew him, who afterward became one of the most

prominent men and most highly respected citizens of the county, and had a reputation that was state wide. He was the trial member of the firm of Rumble & Lake, and probably no man tried or assisted in the trial of more cases in Iowa County than he did, and with the assistance of Mr. Lake, their firm justly became very eminent and successful. Mr. Rumble's education was good and his early advantages were such as usually fell to a young man of that period. He, like Judge Hedges and his partner, Mr. Lake, and Mr. Baker, had served faithfully and honorably during the War of the Rebellion, which gave him much prestige in his after life. I never thought he was as deep and profound a lawyer as was his partner, Mr. Lake, but his perceptions were quick, his judgment was sound, and as a trial lawyer and advocate, he stood surpassed by few. He represented the county for many years in the state senate, and died while a member of congress from the Second District of Iowa. Rumble & Lake had the best clientage in the county after the departure of Martin & Murphy. We used to think that Rumble needed Lake as much as Lake needed Rumble in the firm.

Homer Wilson was entitled to much credit for the position he won for himself as a lawyer when one considers his lack of advantages in his early life. He always had a fair clientage, and there came to him a class of business among his old acquaintances and friends that could not be driven to anyone else. He served his country also as a member of the First Iowa Regiment and fought at Wilson's Creek.

My old partner, Judge Miller, gave a very accurate description of himself the first time I saw him, in which he said, "I am not much of a lawyer, but I can work just as hard as anybody." He came to the county when the Indian trading post stood down where South Amana stands, became acquainted with the Indians, and was by them named Kish-Ke-Kosh. He had a common school education, had been a farmer, and was once elected county judge of Iowa County, hence always carried the title of Judge Miller. He too had been a member of the Twenty-fourth Iowa. He was admitted to the bar when such admission could be obtained by having two lawyers recommend him and setting up the oysters for the crowd. He was a man of fair natural ability, and I soon found that he was just as industrious as he said he was,

nor was his profundity in the law in excess of what he had first told me. He was honest, upright, true to his friends, a kind husband and father, and no one was more highly respected than he during all the time I knew him. He also died some years ago.

To show that lawsuits were not always conducted then with the decorum that now prevails, I give the following illustrations:

Thomas Rankin of Millersburg was a lawyer of pretty fair ability. He was lawyer and farmer combined, and was respectable in both capacities. He was a small, active, wiry little fellow with a very scant supply of hair on the top of his head, and, fortunately or unfortunately, was very quick tempered. There was a long, lathy lawyer that lived in Marengo a short time, who announced to some of us one day that he was going over to Millersburg to try a case before Pat Sivard, a justice of the peace. He was asked who was on the other side. He answered, "Tom Rankin." He was told to be careful or he might have trouble. He just laughed and went on the next day. After he came back he dropped into Hedges' office where I was sitting at the time and began to tell what a fine time he had over at Millersburg. Hedges asked him how he and Tom Rankin got along. He replied, "Oh, first rate; we had no trouble at all." Hedges asked him what made that black and blue place on the top of his forehead. He replied, "Oh, during the trial I told Tom he was a d—d old bald-headed fool and he knocked me down." We afterwards learned that it was true and Tom had cleaned out the ranch.

I was once trying a case before Squire Ogden in Troy Township against old Thomas Hughes, a sharp but domineering old Welshman who acted as his own lawyer in the trial. He purposely insulted and exasperated every witness that testified against him. I finally called old Lewis Jones, another fiery Welshman, to the witness stand, and Hughes (they called him "Windy Hughes") insulted him with his first question. Jones sprang up, laid some money on the Squire's table and then turned and struck Hughes, turned him around and kicked him clear out of the room, through the kitchen and off the back porch. The Squire regarded it as being contempt of court, and announced that he would have to fine him for contempt, when one of Jones'



friends spoke up at once with great assurance, "You can't fine him, Squire, for he laid the money down before he struck the man." The Squire regarded that as good law and entered up a fine for the amount laid down and let the contempt matter go.

At another time I went over, or rather he took me over, to the school house in York Township, to try a case before Squire Kelly for Mike Rigney, a well-to-do old Irish bachelor. As we approached the building, I saw a great crowd around it. I asked Rigney whether or not the justice of the peace was friendly to him. He replied, "Friendly, of course, because I board with him." I asked what lawyer was on the other side. He answered, "A little fellow by the name of Winter from Iowa City." I said, "Maybe he will call for a jury." He replied, "It's all right; the crowd is all my friends, for I have two kegs of beer up there on the hill." It is needless to say that I won the case.

Of the judges who presided in the courts at Marengo during my stay there, much could be said. There was Judge Hubbard, Judge Rothrock and Judge Shane of the District bench; and Judge William E. Miller, Judge George R. Struble, Judge C. Hedges and Judge John McKean of the Circuit court, and I doubt if, all things being considered, the judiciary of the state was ever represented by seven more competent, upright and fair minded men than by the above-named gentlemen.

Hubbard only held court a few times in Marengo. He had an extraordinarily acute and penetrating mind, and had no superior as a trial lawyer in the state, as his subsequent career demonstrated, but his methods in the transaction of business from the bench were so energetic and novel, presenting phases so unexpected, and at times with conduct so abrupt and severe, and withal quite humorous and interesting, that some were constrained to say that he held court-martial rather than an ordinary court. He afterwards attained to great eminence in his profession and in state affairs.

Judge Rothrock, though not a man of extensive learning or very great breadth of reading had an unusual amount of "uncommon common sense," and his knowledge of men and affairs, and his natural good judgment made up for his deficiencies in other respects. He was a large and fine looking man, and his aspect when on the bench was always that of strong judicial integrity.

He afterward served for over twenty years on the supreme bench of the state.

Judge John Shane of Vinton was probably the best educated and the best read of any of the district judges that had sat on the bench prior to his time in Iowa County. He too was a natural jurist, with a presence that was satisfactory to all who knew him unless you would say that his facial resemblance to Boss Tweed of New York fame was a drawback. He died greatly lamented.

Judge William E. Miller, our first circuit judge, a sort of helper to the district judge, lived in Iowa City. He had been fairly well educated when young and trained to the trade of a mechanic or rather machinist, which knowledge was very useful to him afterward in his profession and especially in deciding cases that came before him. He was a good lawyer, clear headed, perfectly upright and very suave and sociable. He served as a judge of the supreme court after leaving the circuit court, from 1870 to 1875. He died in Des Moines, highly respected, many years ago.

Judge Struble of Toledo, succeeded Miller on the circuit bench. He was then a young man of fine appearance, well educated, and thoroughly grounded in the laws of Iowa, and no man was more familiar with the provisions of the Code of Iowa than was Judge George R. Struble. He was, if anything, more genial, more pleasant and more accommodating than any of the other judges. He used frequently to adjourn the spring term of court for half a day to go fishing with the lawyers. After his retirement from the bench he entered into the active practice at Toledo and was known throughout the state as a careful, painstaking, high-minded and successful lawyer.

John McKean of Anamosa also served as one of the circuit judges. He was well educated, a good and profound lawyer, a learned jurist and an upright judge, though a constant sufferer from an affliction that rendered his neck stiff and eventually terminated in death. Having long served in the Iowa Legislature he proved to be a wise and sagacious statesman. A lover of learning, he took a deep interest in college work and higher education. No man in Jones County was more respected than Judge McKean.

Of Judge Hedges I have already written.

The district attorney at that time was C. R. Scott of Anamosa, who was followed by William G. Thompson of Marion. I pause for words when I come to write of Major Thompson. He was tall, straight, broad-shouldered, full of life and vitality, and everybody knew he was around when he was there. A man of remarkably quick perceptions, rapid judgment and a sound understanding, he also possessed the readiest wit and quickest repartee of any man in the old Eighth Judicial District. He had read law and been trained in an old-fashioned Pennsylvania law office, which training was seasoned by doses of the Westminster catechism administered by his Presbyterian parents, so that he came to the bar thoroughly imbued with the principles of the common law and a knowledge of the natural degeneracy of mankind. The readiness with which he could grasp the main points in a case was equalled only by the rapidity with which he let loose his gatling guns on the enemy. When the Major "turned himself loose" on a criminal, all that fellow had to do was to select the articles of clothing he wanted to wear to the penitentiary. If there was any man living who could prepare and try a case quicker, and say more to the point in addressing the jury, in the same length of time than Major Thompson could, I never met him. He had always been an omniverous reader, and his naturally retentive memory aided him so that his mind became well stored with the thoughts of the world's best authors which he used to advantage. He was remarkably democratic in his habits and in his dress and had a *bon homme* about him that rendered him very popular indeed. He filled many offices of trust and honor in the state and never was defeated at the polls. Coming to Iowa in 1853, he soon entered public life and has ever since been in the lime-light, and no blur or stain ever formed on his name. He was state senator and representative, presidential elector, chief justice of Idaho, member of congress and district judge, besides district attorney, all of which positions he filled with credit and honor. He died at his home at Kenwood Park in April, 1911, when past eighty-one years of age, full of honors and loved by all who knew him.

C. R. Scott, who, as I have said, was district attorney when I went to Marengo, was a small, waspish fellow, whose greatest



delight was to be the hero of a row in a lawsuit. He was familiarly called at that time "Little Scott," but after he went to Omaha he was called "Great Scott." When Scott's ire was raised he made the saw dust fly in that old court room. He was surely a live wire. He went to Nebraska in the early '70's and was for many years a judge in one of the courts in Omaha. I believe he is not now living.

Of the other citizens that I early became acquainted with in the town of Marengo forty odd years ago, but few are living. We had some characters there, as all communities have. The man who was nearest regarded as a part of Marengo, and who came, I think, while the Indians were in possession, who was always a property owner there and had faith in the future of the town equalled only by the faith of a Christian in his Saviour, who was always ready to greet friend or stranger with a smile and pleasant word, and help anyone who was in need, and who bought every patent right that was offered on the street, was Uncle Horace H. Hull. No kinder hearted or more optimistic man ever lived than Uncle Horace. I don't think he had, when I knew him, or ever had, an enemy; nor did he deserve to have one. I don't think anyone ever asked alms of him that he did not receive something, and always got the sympathy of the old man, but the singletree on his side always scraped the wheel. When I travel over the state and visit different towns and see hundreds of miles of cement sidewalk and scores of beautiful buildings made from cement, I recall the fact that the first time I ever saw anything of the sort, Horace Hull made the stone with which he laid up a cement wall for a cellar in Marengo over fifty years ago, and it stood there on the north side of the square a naked and unfinished wall for years, and furnished scoffers and wits the opportunity to laugh at "Hull's folly." The old gentleman had bought a patent right for Iowa and possibly some other county, and had started to make stone. It was the incipient step to the great cement industry that now practically takes the place of natural stone in sidewalks throughout the country.

The man that I always felt I owed as much, if not more to, than anyone else, was G. W. Williams, commonly called "Gord." I soon became acquainted with him, and learned to love him. He

was such a good hearted man, so kindly disposed, so ready to help a friend, that I early became indebted to him for many acts of kindness. On many a time when I hadn't a dollar and did not know where the food for myself and family was to come from, I have gone to Gord, and a hint of my situation would prompt him to proffer me any amount I wanted, and many a five dollar bill did he loan to me, saying "You can pay it back to me, Cap, whenever you get ready." I often wonder at the mistaken faith that he had and why he was so foolish as to trust a penniless fellow as I was without any security. We all knew that Gord kept not only his family, but all his brothers and a part of his wife's family. He never had a word of complaint to make to anyone, but seemed to do it not only as a duty, but because he loved to do it. There was but one person living that ever was or ever could be an enemy of Gord Williams, and that was Gord himself. The circumstances of his death it is not necessary to mention. I would place a laurel wreath on his grave.

A. J. Morrison, then the keeper of the Clifton House, was another with whom I early became acquainted, and for whom I ever had a tender and affectionate feeling. No one enjoyed a good joke on another more than did Andy Morrison. I recollect before I had been there a year, on a cold winter morning I started on horseback over into Benton County to try a case before a justice of the peace. I had a copy of the Conklin Treatise under my arm, and as I rode past the Clifton House, Andy came out, called to me to stop, and tendered me one of Jayne's Almanacs, saying it was just as useful to me, and that I could comprehend it just as well as the book I had. During the long period of the time that he lived in Marengo, no man filled as many offices as he did, and no one filled them more acceptably and faithfully. He was a public spirited man and always had an interest in the town. I never believed the trouble which came to him eventually was by reason of his want of honesty or integrity. I believe the "recording angel dropped a tear on the charge that blotted it out forever."

Another very prominent man and one who probably did more for Marengo than any other man there, and who had more varied ability than any other, was N. B. Holbrook. He was, I think, the best educated man in the town. He was a splendid

surveyor and engineer, a successful newspaper editor, a respectable member of the bar, a very prosperous land agent, a good banker, and one of the most successful all-around business men that the county ever had; and was, withal, the most complete master in politics that could be found in this portion of the state. No church subscription was ever circulated there that didn't have N. B. Holbrook's name on it with a good sized amount; no appeal was ever made for charity to which Holbrook did not respond; no town meeting was ever held for the general good of the town and community that Holbrook wasn't prominent in. In school matters and the financial affairs of the churches and in the general business affairs of the town N. B. Holbrook had no superior, if he had an equal. He was thoroughly versed in the history of the country, and had the political events of the nation at his finger's end, and no one was safe in getting into an argument with him on the history of American politics. He filled many places of eminence and trust and offices of responsibility, and, withal, Bruce Holbrook, as we called him, was in his daily walk and conversation, as quiet, gentlemanly and polite as a subdued minister of the gospel.

Another quaint character in Marengo was Uncle Dicky Groff. Teacher, preacher, lawyer, merchant, book peddler and poet all rolled up in one man makes a combination hard to beat, but that was Dicky Groff. A short, stubby man with a full grey beard, always of the same age and never changing, he was honest and well meaning, but never learned how to do anything. His greatest claim to immortal renown lies in his poem to Iowa, commencing, "Young Peri of the West." His greatest achievement in teaching a Sunday School was to ask the children where Moses was when the light went out, and his preaching was about on a par with that. As a lawyer he went out of practice about a hundred years ago, in fact, he never began. The goods in his store consisted of two old straw bonnets, some ribbon, a few spools of black thread, and an old stove that never had a fire in it winter or summer. He had no customers, for he had nothing to sell, but still he went to the store every day, opened it, sat down and read a book a short time and then went home. But I think he was the most constant reader in the state of Iowa, and read to the least purpose of anyone in the state. Still he could write

a first class newspaper article, and make words jingle in what he called verse or poetry. He was always happy and good natured, and viewed life from a pleasant standpoint. The following quotation, worthy of Hudibras, he frequently used, possibly because it fully embodied his ideas of men:

The world of fools has such a store  
That he who would not see an ass  
Should go home and bolt his door,  
Then break his looking-glass.

I don't think he ever sat five minutes in his life that he did not pick up a book or paper and go to reading. He could write as good an article on farming as could Horace Greeley, and could manage a farm about as well as could the great editor.

But there were other good men in business there: J. P. Ketchem, who was probably the best business man in the town; Ed Hopkins, who was a royally good and lovable man; J. M. Rush, true to his friends; W. A. Snavelly, tinner and hardware merchant, a good citizen and "pillar" of the M. E. church; "Nice" Redman, with his "North Carolina" ditty; Fred Eyrich, the shoeman; Ben Liddle, whose love for Canada was so intense that, when in a fight with a stranger who struck him a fearful blow, he said, "I knew he was Canada from the way he struck me." There was I. M. Lyon, "Pappy," we called him, who came as near as mortal could to keeping the commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." Quiet and of even temper at all times, he was surely a good and consistent Christian. He had a large family of boys—Asher (the dragoon), Tom, Ben, etc. Ben Lyon once at a meeting of the G. A. R. men to bury a comrade, unconsciously paid his father an unclassified compliment. We could find no minister in town to officiate at the funeral, when Bent cut the Gordian knot by saying, "Why, d—n it, boys, Pap can do the praying, and Cap. Rumble or Smith can do the talking." And no minister ever made a more appropriate prayer than did "Pappy" Lyon at that grave. Out on the hill in the old grave yard, on a cold stormy day, from an earnest man came an earnest prayer to the Heavenly Father that for simplicity of language, grandeur of pathos, and firmness of faith, could not have been excelled by a bishop. And when he



asked divine blessings on the band of scarred veterans standing around, it seemed that heaven was near!

J. S. Shaw, soon after I went there, "came to stay." Next to his family, he loved the Methodist church and a good horse more than anything else. And by kicking Jake Sehorn out of his hotel, he was the innocent and unintentional cause of Jake's dropping into poetry in the next issue of the Marengo Democrat.

Of the young men of the town that I became acquainted with, there was Capt. McBride, Capt. J. B. Wilson, C. V. Gardner, W. P. and Sam Ketchem, Nate Martin, A. B. Eshelman, Thomas Owen, Henry and Newton Leib, Lute Wilson, my dear friend, Henry E. Goldthwaite, still living there, and others. We never painted the town red, but it was sometimes made green. Our enjoyments were primitive, but they were well worth their cost, and did us no harm. An evening at the Good Templar's Lodge, a sleigh ride to Blairstown, or a trip to the Colony, were regarded as sufficient acts of dissipation. But few of those early friends are living. The departed acted well their part in life.

Yet they who fall in fortune's strife,  
Their fate ye should not censure,  
For still the important part of life  
They equally may answer.

I could mention many others with whom I early became acquainted and whose friendship has left a sweet remembrance, but I forbear. Any town that could withstand a campaign of "Mike McNorton" and two floods deserves to live while the hills stand.

Of my numerous acquaintances subsequently made, though just as dear as the older ones, I will forbear to speak.

Around Marengo hangs many a recollection of struggles in life, clouds of adversity and sunshine of joy and happiness, and the town and its people will never be by me forgotten till my heart is as cold as death can make it.

## MEMORIES OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTION OF 1860

*Being interviews with General Grenville M. Dodge of Council Bluffs and Judge Charles C. Nourse of Des Moines, the memoranda being obtained and put in form*

By F. I. HERRIOTT

Professor in Drake University

The following interviews were obtained in the course of a search for data bearing upon assertions of two prominent historians relative to the actions of the representatives of the Republicans of Iowa at the Chicago Convention of 1860 which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the presidency, namely:

(1) The allegation of Professor A. B. Hart of Harvard University in his *Life of Salmon P. Chase* in "The American Statesmen" series, by means of a quotation to the effect that "some of the delegates from Iowa were 'on the trading tack'"—so put in a context as to involve all of the delegation in the charge of sordid personal greed and venality. (See edition of 1899, pp. 189-190, and repeated in the same terms in the "Standard Library Edition" of the series of 1917, pp. 189-190.)

(2) The assertion of Miss Ida M. Tarbell in her *Life of Abraham Lincoln* concerning the many and varied efforts of the opponents of Governor Seward's nomination to unite on Lincoln on the night before the convention was to decide, as follows:

While all this was going on, a committee of twelve men from Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa were consulting in the upper story of the Tremont House. Before their session was over they had agreed that in case Lincoln's vote reached a specified number on the following day, the votes of the states represented in that meeting, so far as these twelve men could effect the result, should be given to him. Vol. I, p. 353.

The present writer has dealt with the gross injustice and the unmitigated impropriety of Professor Hart's aspersion upon the members of the delegation to the Chicago convention.<sup>1</sup> His design to exhibit the actual part taken by Iowans in the pre-

<sup>1</sup>See "Iowa and the First Nomination of Abraham Lincoln" in the ANNALS OF IOWA for July, 1907, Vol. VIII, pp. 81-115, especially pp. 100-109.

liminaries and proceedings of the National Republican Convention of 1860 and particularly the character and conduct of the members of the party sent to represent them has been partially accomplished.<sup>2</sup>

Both of the interviews contain recollections of more or less general interest outside of the immediate objectives of the interviewer that justify their preservation and publication—particularly the recollections and observations of Judge Nourse. The contents of the interview in each case were submitted subsequently to the one interviewed and his amendments or additions incorporated. The interview with Judge Nourse was, because of his defective vision, read twice to him in order to insure the accuracy of his original statements and additions or amendments.

The interview with General Grenville M. Dodge which follows took place in the Savery Hotel, Des Moines, on the evening of November 17, 1908. General Dodge was in Des Moines in attendance at a meeting of the Loyal Legion. The writer was indebted to the courtesy of Colonel G. W. Crossley of Webster City for the opportunity to meet him at the time when many counter interests attracted him. Previous correspondence with him had prepared the way, however, and the only adverse fact was the shortness of the time.

General Dodge frankly confessed to difficulty in recalling specific facts inquired about because, as he himself put it, he was "a youngster" and acted "as a messenger for Judd," and was completely absorbed "in helping him in his moves and maneuvers." Working "like a beaver," he hardly appreciated the significance of the crowding events about him or took particular note of the men who were, or who were reported to be, con-

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, and again in subsequent articles under the same title in the *ANNALS* for October, 1907, Vol. VIII, pp. 186-220; for July, 1908, *Ibid.*, pp. 444-466; for April, 1909, Vol. IX, pp. 45-64; and for October, 1909, *Ibid.*, pp. 186-228.

See also "Republican Presidential Preliminaries in Iowa—1859-1860" in *ANNALS* for January, 1910, Vol. IX, pp. 242-288; and "The Republican State Convention—Des Moines, January 18, 1860" in *ANNALS* for July-October, 1910, Vol. IX, pp. 401-446.

In another series dealing with the notable and decisive activities of the Germans in the anti-slavery propaganda affecting and determining the course of the Republicans of Iowa and of the northern Free states in the preliminaries of the National Republican Convention of 1860 the writer has displayed more or less of the antecedent developments controlling the Iowans at Chicago. See especially "The Germans of Davenport and the Chicago Convention of 1860" in *Deutsch-Amerikanische Geschichtsblätter* for July, 1910, Vol. X, pp. 156-163; also "The Germans of Iowa and the 'Two Year' Amendment of Massachusetts," *Ibid.*, Jahrgang, 1913, Vol. XIII, pp. 202-308; also "The Germans of Iowa in the Gubernatorial Campaign of Iowa in 1859," *Ibid.*, Jahrgang, 1914, Vol. XIV, pp. 451-623; and "The Premises and Significance of Abraham Lincoln's Letter to Theodore Canisius," *Ibid.*, Jahrgang, 1915, Vol. XV, pp. 181-254.

trolling or directing the course of events. Portions of the interview do not bear directly upon the convention at Chicago, but as one of the paragraphs deals with what was one of the notable perplexities of President Lincoln's policy in dealing with the liberated slaves during the early progress of the Civil War, and the other to a noteworthy decision of President Lincoln that was due in major part to the latter's visit to Council Bluffs and his chance meeting with the young surveyor of the projected railroad to the Pacific coast, both are included.

Grenville M. Dodge in May, 1860, was already a young man whom associates were beginning to watch with lively expectations of a notable career and they were not disappointed. At that time he was a civil engineer in charge of the initial surveys for the then much mooted railroad to the Pacific coast, and not long thereafter he became chief engineer of the Union Pacific Railroad Company. Upon the outbreak of the Civil War he offered his services to the government of President Lincoln, raised a company of infantry at Council Bluffs and entered the army with the rank of captain. His rise was rapid and his achievements under Generals Grant and Sherman were so brilliant and solid as to win for him the stars of a major general before the end of the Civil War. In 1866 he was elected by the Republican party to the Fortieth Congress. At the expiration of his term he declined renomination and thereafter devoted himself to his profession and to the furtherance of his investments and interests in railroad construction, mainly in the western and southwestern states. He became one of the influential leaders in financial circles in Wall Street in relation to railroads and their management. In 1898 President McKinley appointed him chairman of the Commission to Investigate the Conduct of the Military Department, particularly in care of the soldiers in camp and field during the war with Spain, concerning which there raged a violent and bitter controversy both in official and in popular circles. Many of the helpful reforms in the organization of our national military department that enabled the United States to cope so effectively and so promptly with the immense task suddenly put upon the government in the late war with Germany resulted from the findings and recommendations of General Dodge's commission.



Somewhat of the energy and influence of Judge Nourse in 1860 may be inferred from the ensuing extract from a letter to the writer from Mr. A. C. Voris, President of the Citizens National Bank of Bedford, Indiana, under date of April 25, 1907, written in response to inquiries as to his recollections of the character of Iowa's delegates to the Chicago convention of 1860 and their participation in the caucus, or committee, referred to by Miss Tarbell. Mr. Voris was one of the delegates from Indiana. He says relative to the caucus in the small hours of Thursday morning:

As to the members of that Com[mittee] from Iowa. I regret I cannot say certainly. I only remember that a Mr. Nourse of Des Moines, and of "Williamson and Nourse," seemed to be a ruling spirit in the convention, and though there were older men than he, it is likely he was one of that Com[mittee].

Mr. Nourse was only twenty-nine years of age at the time of the Chicago convention. He was known then as one of the "coming men" of Iowa and a factor to be reckoned with by all those concerned with the political affairs of the state. The next year he was elected by the Republicans to the office of attorney general of the state and served for four years of the Civil War. Later he was appointed judge of the Fifth Judicial District; but he soon resigned and thereafter steadfastly confined himself to the practice of the law.

As Judge Nourse recalled the exciting moments in the Chicago convention, following the third ballot that insured Abraham Lincoln's nomination, his memories of the scene in the great Wigwam became so stirring that his emotions aroused him from his chair, and almost blind though he was from cataract of the eyes, he leaped to his feet, threw out his arms in swinging gestures in reproduction of the wild gesticulation and vociferation of the Iowans joining in that pandemonium. In the rush of his recollections he dashed about the table in the center of the room in which we were in demonstration of his narrative. His abandon proved beyond cavil how intense and overwhelming must have been the excitement the instant the friends of the Commoner of Springfield realized the certainty of their triumph, if nearly a half century after memories of the scene could so arouse and carry away a cool collected lawyer of wide and varied

experience in court and public forum. Judge Nourse's partial blindness enhanced the effect of his demonstration. It was a sight that the present writer will not soon forget.

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## I.

### NOTES OF A CONVERSATION WITH GENERAL GREN- VILLE M. DODGE, SAVERY HOUSE, DES MOINES, NOVEMBER 17, 1908

"My first interest in Abraham Lincoln came about as a result of my business interests and connection. For some time I had had business relations with Mr. N. P. Judd of Illinois. He was, as you know, Mr. Lincoln's manager in the campaign before the Chicago convention. He was an attorney for the Rock Island railroad, then in the course of construction across Iowa, and a large stockholder, and I believe an officer.

"Mr. Lincoln was also interested in the Rock Island railroad. He had acted as one of the leading attorneys in the celebrated litigation involving the right of the company to build the bridge across the Mississippi at Rock Island. In consequence of the acquaintance and association of Judd and Lincoln I had been asked to look after some of their land interests in Council Bluffs, which I had done for some time. These facts created and, of course, increased my interest in the promotion of Mr. Lincoln's public advancement.

"My going to Chicago and working for Lincoln's nomination was the result of a letter from Mr. Judd asking me to do so. I was an admirer of Lincoln and did not need much urging, but it was my relations with Judd that made me go and work like a beaver for Lincoln at that convention. I was only a youngster then of course.<sup>3</sup> I was not very well acquainted with the older political leaders in the state. I knew Hoxie,<sup>4</sup> Nourse and Kirkwood and some of the other delegates but none very intimately. I tried to exert what influence I had of course in bringing our delegation around to Lincoln but I was in a way a messenger for Judd,

<sup>3</sup>General Dodge was twenty-nine years old.

<sup>4</sup>Herbert Hoxie of Des Moines, later appointed by President Lincoln United States marshal for Iowa. After the war he became extensively interested in railroad construction. At the time of his death in 1886 he was virtually in charge of the Gould system of railroads in the Southwest. See *Harper's Weekly*, Dec. 4, 1886, p. 784.

helping him in his moves and maneuvers. My business interests and my admiration of Lincoln combining, I was naturally very enthusiastic and earnest and hopeful of the final outcome.

"The caucus in the Tremont House the night before the nomination was made I recall but I cannot remember the names of the men who were there except Kirkwood. The others you mention (Gear,<sup>5</sup> Dunham, Saunders) were doubtless present for they were influential and would naturally be called in for such a conference. As I recollect the conference was first called by some man from New York. The opposition to Seward wished to find out whether there was not enough second choice Lincoln men among the delegates from New England, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Indiana and Iowa to secure the votes of those states for Lincoln after the first ballot. Judd's plan from the start was to unite the second choice men in the doubtful states on Lincoln. My memory is too vague now to recall names or faces of men from the other states; but I do recollect late or rather early the next morning after the conference had come to an agreement, going to Judd and talking with him about the agreement reached and the result if the agreement could be carried out. Judd was especially anxious to get our Iowa delegates to go solid for Lincoln after the first ballot. Our being neighbors was a fact that he urged very strongly. But our Seward men, while they wanted to nominate a strong man and were willing to go to him when it was evident that all would go to him, voted for Seward up to the last or third ballot.

"My memory of men and events back in those days is not so good as it was ten years ago; but when you prod it by calling my attention to some of the incidents I can recollect many of them. One fact I realize. In the hurry and confusion of ordinary times we do not always appreciate, or even discern the importance or significance of events taking place about us and in which we are more or less engaged. In 1860 I felt of course much of the keen public interest in the discussion of political matters and yet as a young man I but vaguely sensed the vital import of the events that I was watching.

<sup>5</sup>John H. Gear of Burlington, afterward (1877-1881) Governor of Iowa and Mr. Clark Dunham, the editor of *The Hawkeye* of Burlington. Mr. Alvin Saunders, later mentioned by Judge Nourse.

"I first met Mr. Lincoln at Council Bluffs in August, 1959. He had come up there by way of St. Joseph and the Missouri River to look after an interest in the Riddle tract, he had bought from Mr. Judd. I had returned with my party from a surveying trip and was camped in a ravine just north of the town, and had come down to the Pacific House to get a square meal.

"He heard of the arrival of the engineering party, and sought me out at the hotel. We sat down on a bench on the porch of the Pacific House and he proceeded to find out all about the country we had been through, and all about our railroad surveys, the character of the country, particularly its adaptability to settlement, its topographical features, in fact, he extracted from me the information I had gathered for my employers, and virtually shelled my woods must thoroughly.

"There are no accounts of his speech<sup>a</sup> that give any details as to what he said except perhaps in a very vague way. He dwelt largely upon the slavery question—the great subject in which we folks on the 'Missouri Slope' were then, as was the whole country, much interested. Mr. Lincoln set forth his views of the slavery question in connection with the settlement of the territory just across the Missouri River. The settlement of the new territories interested him very much and their commercial development was much in his mind. In the course of his speech he took occasion to commend the advanced stand taken by Kirkwood in his campaign for governor. I went with Kirkwood to some of the towns in the western part of the state, where he spoke. Kirkwood was regarded by a good many as pretty strong on the slavery question. It was natural that Lincoln should say a good word on his behalf.

"Before the speech I had no very definite ideas about Mr. Lincoln, but that speech in the square settled the matter. He convinced me and most of those who heard him that he knew what he was talking about and that he knew how to put the issues so as to bring out the strong points of the Republican position. He made many strong friends in our part of the state at that time.

<sup>a</sup>This was Lincoln's speech made on the public square in Council Bluffs the same day.



"Mr. Lincoln staid with Messrs. Thomas Officer and W. H. M. Pusey while in the town—they had formerly lived in Springfield, Illinois.

"Years after it was the conversation at the Pacific House that led to the fixing of the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific at Council Bluffs. In 1863 I was stationed at Corinth, Miss., with my command. I had just previously marched up the Tennessee valley, which was a very rich district and full of rebel supplies. These I had destroyed. One of the results was that about three thousand negroes followed me back to Corinth and were on my hands. They were a great problem. They had to be fed and kept in order. My soldiers, or many of them, did not take very kindly to the idea of guarding, feeding and caring for 'niggers.' The ill feeling manifested itself in serious ways, the white guards shot darkies out foraging and tresspassing. What to do with them I hardly knew. Finally Chaplain Alexander of one of my regiments—a very able man—came to me and said that he could solve my negro problem. He asked to have 100 muskets assigned to him to arm a company of the darkies to guard the rest. He said that they would be able to do it with a little assistance. My ordnance officer refused to issue arms and ammunition to him and when Alexander came back to me and reported the situation I receipted for the arms and turned them over to him, not thinking much about the matter at the time for I was greatly relieved to have their care taken off my hands. The arming of those negroes produced a stir. Soon the Chicago papers had accounts of it. The discussion of what to do with the negroes was then becoming a live coal in political discussion. I soon realized that I had put my foot in it. But I concluded that silence was the better part of wisdom and said nothing. I knew that General Grant knew what I had done though I had made no report; and so long as he did not make trouble I felt fairly safe. One day General Grant transmitted an order from the War Department directing me to report at once at Washington. I thought my time was up and my head was going off, for I had done a very serious thing absolutely without orders.

"The event was not so fearful as I had reason to fear. President Lincoln had to decide upon the terminal of the Union Pacific and he had summoned me to give him the benefit of my

first hand knowledge of the region and the probable developments. He recalled our conversation in Council Bluffs, and on the report I made to him he fixed the eastern terminus on the western boundary of Iowa in the townships that Council Bluffs is located in. About that time the government officers were beginning to look favorably upon the notion of arming the negroes and I could offer some practical experience that was beneficial. I was thereupon given a general commission that enabled me to organize regiments directly and appoint the officers from my command which were duly commissioned at Washington. By this means I could reward my line officers and non-commissioned men. At first they did not look upon the offers or chances favorably but as the negroes proved that they could fight and under good training and discipline would make good soldiers, very soon my soldiers were anxious to secure commissions. The First Alabama Colored Regiment was thus organized by me and several other regiments."

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## II

### A DELEGATE'S MEMORIES OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTION OF 1860

AH INTERVIEW WITH HON. CHARLES C. NOURSE, DES MOINES,  
APRIL 26 AND MAY 12, 1907

"My memories of the Convention that met in Chicago, May 16-18, 1860, are not so definite as you probably wish. Nevertheless, events and men and measures that concerned us in those exciting days made a vigorous impression on my mind. I recall much in those days a great deal more clearly than I do happenings of ten years ago. However, I do not want to be held too strictly to account for details. You know in a few days now it will be just forty-eight years since we met in that Wigwam at the corner of Market and Lake streets.

"From the beginning of the serious discussion of candidacies in 1859, I was a Lincoln man. When I went to Chicago I felt strongly that two things had to be accomplished or all would be in vain in the forthcoming campaign. The first essential was to



CHARLES CLINTON NOURSE

From a Photograph by W. Kurtz, Madison Square, New York, 1876





prevent the nomination of William H. Seward. The second thing was to nominate a man whose views on the slavery question were solid and clear-cut, who would represent and attract those in all the old parties who strongly opposed the extension of slavery and the aggressions of its leaders, and whose character and career would not suggest attacks upon the property rights of the southern slave owners. The selection of Lincoln I believed would meet the second condition of party success.

"My objections to Seward were based partly upon my opinion of the New York statesman and his character, and partly upon my knowledge of what the people here in Iowa, particularly in the southern tiers of counties, thought of him. To me, Governor Seward was a dangerous radical. He had been intimately associated for over a decade with the extreme opponents of slavery, especially with the Free Soilers. He had used expressions in his speeches that seemed to us then to indicate that he was in favor of abolition or emancipation. Certainly this was the opinion of the great majority of the Democrats throughout Iowa. At the same time he was associated with the old Cotton Whigs of New York to such a degree as to make him objectionable to those Whigs who opposed further compromises for the sake of holding the southern trade. The manufacturers and merchants of New York were anxious to curry favor with the southerners. They wished first and last to maintain the supremacy of the port of New York as the transshipping point or center of the cotton and ocean carrying trade for the Southern States. They wanted further to enjoy a monopoly in supplying the South with manufactured goods. Back of Seward stood vast commercial interests. Their leaders counseled against firmness in opposing the arrogant demands of Judah P. Benjamin and Jefferson Davis, and favored compromising and conciliatory measures. We had had enough of compromises that made the southerners more and more aggressive and domineering. Another fact adverse to Governor Seward, in southern Iowa particularly, was his hostile attitude towards the 'American' or Know Nothing party that had a very considerable representation in Iowa.

"These fears of Seward, or objections to his candidacy were not a dreamer's notions. They had been forced upon me as early as the Pierce-Scott campaign in 1852 and particularly in 1856.

In 1852 I was elected county prosecutor of Van Buren County as a Whig. In 1854 I was renominated. The Free Soilers were numerous enough in the northern part of the county to cause the convention to put a Free Soiler by the name of French on the ticket. For several reasons I was strong enough to win on my own strength, but my friends soon told me that I could not carry the Free Soiler along with me. You see a great number of the people in Davis and Van Buren counties had moved into that region when they supposed it was a part of Missouri. In the contest over the boundary the decision was largely in our favor. The fact that those southerners were in Iowa did not, however, reconstruct their notions or ways of thinking. A Free Soiler to them was an abolitionist, an equal suffragist who proposed to force on us negro equality both political and social. I worked manfully on behalf of French but I could not disabuse their minds and I was beaten. It was my defeat that induced my friends to make me clerk of the House of Representatives in 1854, as a sort of compensation or 'consolation prize.'

"In the Fremont campaign in 1856 I canvassed nearly all the southern counties of the state for the State Central Committee, and I knew, or thought I knew thoroughly how strong the anti-abolition and anticompromise sentiments were among the voters. By that time the old Whig party had disappeared as a national party organization. But we had large numbers of them in the state. Many, if not most of them were opposed to any interference with slavery in the Slave States, but they were just as much opposed to its extension. Many of them were strongly proslavery because they had come from Kentucky, Virginia and Maryland. We could not safely or sensibly antagonize them and Seward's speeches had made them very uneasy and suspicious. Finally, we had a large Know Nothing element in our region—just how large it was I cannot say now. But they made a tremendous noise and no one could really say whether the woods were full of them or not. The Bell-Everett vote showed that they were not a factor to be ignored. The most of them became Republicans and we believed that if not antagonized or offended nearly all of them would come to us. They made us lots of trouble in the southern sections. To all this element Seward was especially distasteful because as governor

of New York he had pursued a course contrary to their views on Catholicism and the school question.

"Such objections were not captious or fanciful or mere make-believe. If we were to unhorse the Democrats at Washington we needed every ounce of strength we could muster. It was suicide to take any serious risks. We had to have a candidate that would unite all factions and all sections of the Republicans and attract to us the other discordant elements that were, like we were, opposing the Democracy and draw to us the thousands of Democrats who were discontented and disgusted with the weakness of Buchanan's administration. The right man in my judgment was the man who had worsted Stephen A. Douglas in 1858.

"Abraham Lincoln had secured my admiration and firm support in 1858, because he had demonstrated his remarkable insight into the significance of the issues then disturbing us. His debates with Douglas had astonished us all by his profound thought and preeminent capacity for statesmanship. He was no artful dodger and he was no demagogue; he met the issues squarely and convinced the entire public that he knew and was master of the real problem. As soon as the lines began to be drawn and the date of the convention approached, I became convinced that Lincoln was the man we should nominate. Among the politicians, as the term goes, Seward had a large following. But Iowa could not be carried easily by anybody we might nominate. We had to fight, and to fight hard, to secure and to maintain control, and common prudence or 'good politics' if you please, as well as moral philosophy required that we nominate a man at Chicago who would carry our cause and the party through to victory.

"Seward probably had the largest popular following in Iowa at the time; and I think that such was the case in the convention that met in Des Moines in January, 1860. But we were practical politicians as well as ardent friends of the various candidates. We were chosen five months before the National Convention and none knew what might happen. Every practical political worker knows that winds and tides change suddenly and it would have been extremely foolish for us to be instructed then for anybody. We wanted to nominate a man that would win

and we divided honorably and fought hard but it was not petty huckstering that controlled our conduct.

"The assertions of Professor Hart concerning our delegation has no justification. The fact that our Seward men held fast and fought from start to finish for their leader shows that a good portion of us were not wabblers or weak-kneed brethren. We original Lincoln men had to contend against tremendous odds—Seward's popularity and the money and hired workers of Thurlow Weed, the great manager of Seward's forces. We would call Weed a 'boss' nowadays. There were some, perhaps, in our delegation—but I recall none—as there were doubtless in every delegation, who considered the probabilities of personal advancement being an incidental result of the success of their own candidate—but it is unjust to Iowa's delegation to class us, as Professor Hart does, in his *Life of Chase* among corruptionists. Even if he means only office broking, cabinet appointments, or the like, he implies petty sordidness on our part; and honorable men do not rest easily under the implications of his statement.

"The correspondent of Chase on whom Professor Hart depends was without warrant, in my judgment, for his assertion respecting the delegates from Lee county. Dr. Walker and Senator Rankin were both men of great ability and solid character with a fine sense of honor regarding public matters. Neither pettiness nor desire for private gain were moving motives with either. Any one who knows the A B C's of politics knows that in the last struggle of the various factions and sections for the chief prizes of a convention that various sorts of combinations or 'trading,' if you please so to call it, result, but there is nothing essentially questionable about such proceedings. They are inevitable and, while now and then the result of petty trading and corrupt exchange, are not usually reprehensible.

"Colonel Voris, of Bedford, Indiana, gives me undeserved credit in saying that I was the leading spirit among the Lincoln men of the Iowa delegation. I was young and active and I worked like a Trojan and no doubt I helped somewhat. But the real leader of the Lincoln men was Colonel Alvin Saunders, of Mt. Pleasant. He was one of our big men in Iowa in those days, a forceful, clear-headed and efficient worker. He had managed the



two campaigns of his fellow townsman, James Harlan, for the United States Senate, with rare discretion and marked success. He was widely acquainted in Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and other states. He was, in fact, a whole team by himself. Another man who probably exercised as much influence as Saunders on behalf of Illinois's candidate was Governor Samuel J. Kirkwood. He was not a delegate, however. He had already won distinction by his course as governor. He was a great leader, a keen eyed statesman, and an adroit politician. He was extensively acquainted in Ohio where he had a state wide reputation before coming to Iowa. Saunders and Kirkwood probably did more than any others to bring the Iowa contingent around to Lincoln.<sup>7</sup>

"Miss Tarbell's statement I think is true, but I cannot say positively who represented Iowa in that committee of twelve to which she refers. . Saunders and I slept in the same room at the Tremont Hotel where Illinois and Iowa had their headquarters. Early in the evening of the night before the nomination was to be made I had gone up to get some rest. I was fagged by the long strain of the day. The outlook for Lincoln was gloomy indeed; I recall Saunders coming in. He was depressed and dubious about our chances of overcoming the New Yorkers. Kirkwood came in later. He was nervous and very uneasy and glum. I remember a peculiar sound he made that was characteristic of him whenever he was worried over anything—a clucking or sucking sound as he fidgeted about. Both of them soon went out and I went to sleep. After midnight Saunders came in and in some excitement wakened me. He said that he, or Kirkwood, or both, had just come from a caucus or committee of various states and that all present had decided to throw their votes and influence for Lincoln after the first ballot. He was jubilant at the outlook. I cannot assert definitely, but I feel certain that he or Kirkwood or both had been in attendance at a meeting that

<sup>7</sup>In a letter to me dated at Des Moines, August 29, 1906, Judge Nourse says: "We had originally, first, last, and all the time, eight men in the delegation earnestly in favor of Mr. Lincoln's nomination. The most active of them were James F. Wilson of Fairfield, Alvin Saunders of Mount Pleasant, Thomas Seeley of Guthrie [county], and myself; the others I am not sure of."

James F. Wilson later became a representative in Congress and a national senator from Iowa, becoming one of the prominent leaders of both bodies. Alvin Saunders was appointed the last governor of the territory of Nebraska; later he became a national senator from the state of Nebraska. Thomas Seeley had been a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1857 that drafted the present constitution of Iowa.

practically decided Lincoln's fate. I mean by this, of course, that none of us before that agreement were certain that we could swing Pennsylvania and New Jersey into line and insure Seward's defeat, which we deemed necessary to party success in the fall.

"W. M. Stone's seconding Lincoln's nomination 'on behalf of two-thirds of the Iowa delegation was a case of undue excitement. The minutes are correct:<sup>6</sup> he made the declaration, but he had no right to do so. All of us were astounded at his performance and laughed at his being carried off his feet. Stone was not an original Lincoln man. He was for McLean or Chase as I recall. His vote on the first ballot was cast for one or the other in accordance with the decision of the delegates before we went into the convention. But Stone was a man who was bound to distinguish himself some way or other. He supposed that his candidate would win of course, but when the deavening roar followed Judd's nomination of Abraham Lincoln—you know the Lincoln managers had packed the Wigwam while the Seward shouters were parading outside—Stone was carried off his feet. He thought he saw his chance and jumped up and proclaimed Iowa for Lincoln. The vote, however, showed that he was off; his own vote included.

"The summary, or poll of the delegation in the *St. Charles City Intelligencer* [May 24, 1860], is incorrect." There were

<sup>6</sup>The above refers to the following minute in the proceedings of the convention on Thursday morning after some fourteen different delegates had either nominated or seconded the nomination of different candidates, mostly either Seward or Lincoln: "Mr. Stone, of Iowa. Mr. President, I rise in the name of two-thirds of the delegation of Iowa to second the nomination of Abraham Lincoln. [Great Applause.]" See Chas. W. Johnson's *Proceedings of the First Three Republican National Conventions*, p. 149.

<sup>7</sup>In its account of the Chicago Convention The *St. Charles City Intelligencer* of St. Charles City, in Floyd County, contained, May 24, 1860, the following:

"The Iowa delegation had their headquarters at the Tremont House. Before the opening of the convention they organized by appointing W. Penn Clarke chairman and took a ballot among themselves for the purpose of ascertaining how they stood in reference to the different presidential candidates. The result was as follows:

"Whole number of ballots.....	27
Lincoln had.....	8
Seward .....	7
Bates .....	4
Cameron .....	4
McLean .....	3
Chase .....	1"

On the first ballot in the convention the delegation gave two votes to Seward, two votes to Lincoln, and one each to Bates, Cameron, Chase and McLean. The division of the delegates from Iowa was eight each for Seward and Lincoln and four each for the other candidates named. (See Johnson's *Proceedings*, p. 149.) Both the contemporary and the latter-day statements of the vote of the delegation from Iowa have been curiously misrepresented or incorrectly reported. Professor Hart in his *Life of Chase* states that the Ohioan received no votes from Iowa. (see p. 190.) Iowans voted for Chase on all three ballots, William B. Allison of Dubuque and Judge William Smythe of Cedar Rapids being among the number. Judge Smythe "died in the ditch" with Chase. (For the ballots, see Johnson's *Proceedings*, pp. 149, 152, 153.)

nine Seward men on the delegation. I remember very distinctly the heated discussions we had when we refused to allow it to be counted. It took four delegates to make one vote and we would not announce less than one-half a vote. Mr. R. L. B. Clarke, of Mt. Pleasant, an ardent Seward man, was among us by proxy apparently because his name, you say, does not appear among the regular delegates. He insisted stoutly upon having his vote for Seward added and there was a hot debate when we refused. He got so angry that I flippantly said that if he did not look out he would make us think he had just escaped from the new lunatic asylum at Mt. Pleasant, that was just then a subject of hot political discussion.

"The Seward men were very confident of winning when we went into convention and they held fast to the end. Henry O'Connor of Muscatine, one of my successors as attorney general, in a ratification meeting afterwards at Muscatine, said there were two classes of men who voted for the New Yorker, 'plain' Seward and 'fool' Seward men, the latter voting for their candidate through thick and thin regardless of prospects and he, O'Connor, belonged to the latter class.

"We delegates from Iowa were a noisy and contentious set. We were all young and full of ginger and fight. We were divided so badly that our deliberations were not always the most dignified. The odd Seward vote not being counted put a wire edge on the tempers of the Seward men. In the convention we sat next to the New Jersey delegation. The contrast between us was marked. We were full of life and enthusiasm and perhaps not very considerate of each other's feelings or opinions. The Jerseyites were extremely dignified and proper in their conduct. From their solemn looking clothes and polite behavior, one to another, we would think they were all college professors or preachers. They seemed always to bow to each other in a most deferential manner whenever one spoke to another. When Lincoln was nominated we Lincoln men let loose such a series of war whoops and indulged in such fantastic antics that one of the Jersey delegates came up to me in one of my gyrations and very cautiously put his hand on my shoulder and said soberly, 'Why are you so excited? What is the need of so much feeling?' 'Why,' I said, letting forth another shout, 'we have nominated the best

man in the country for president and beaten that New York crowd of wire pullers. Why shouldn't we shout? We came from Iowa where we were suckled by prairie wolves! Whoop!" and off again I went into a series of ear-splitting performances. I never was so happy in my life before or since.

"One of the comical results of the convention was the cost of the 'Iowa Headquarters' to the chairman of the delegation, William Penn Clarke. Clarke felt very much elated at his selection as chairman. I have forgotten whether we had concluded to choose him here in Des Moines or not. Any way, Clarke felt that he was certain of being so designated and he was also sure that it would promote his political ambitions which were robust at that time—he had been, you know, a strong candidate for the United States Senate against Grimes in 1858—and he wanted to make the most of his honor. So he went to Chicago several days ahead of time and rented a good sized room and had it labeled 'Iowa Headquarters.' We had no candidate to promote and no axes to grind and there was no particular need for so much show, but it gave us some prominence perhaps. The result to Clarke was hard on his pocketbook. There were a few on our delegation who liked wines and Kentucky Bourbon more than was good for them and at the convention such gay lords had plenty of encouragement to indulge their fondness for spirits. Clarke himself was not much given to such diversion, if at all. Those who were so addicted ordered such liquors as they desired and had the costs charged to the 'Iowa Headquarters.' The subjects under discussion at the conclaves of those partizans—the fates of candidates and the welfare of the nation were too important and pressing, you know, to permit those stern patriots to think of such prosy matters as immediate payment of the price. In the furious excitement just preceding and following the nomination they totally forgot that they had ordered or were ordering all sorts of high priced liquors. After the convention was over, and the delegates had dispersed, the bill was presented to Clarke. It took his breath, but he had to pay it and he realized as never before the beauties and benefits of fame among politicians.

"Another interesting reminiscence of Clarke's part in the convention comes to me. He had a slight impediment in his speech that became serious whenever he got excited. His office of



chairman made him the spokesman of the delegation, who should announce Iowa's vote on the roll call. When our turn came on the first ballot Clarke arose. The excitement was intense. Iowa's vote, while known to be divided, was of consequence to the two leaders, Lincoln and Seward; and all were eager to hear our decision. Clarke opened his mouth to speak and couldn't say a word. There he stood painfully helpless in a vain stammer or stutter. We saw that he couldn't make it, and some one jumped up to relieve him and the situation by announcing the vote of Iowa for him.

"Among the influential considerations in making many of us fight Seward so hard at Chicago was the feeling that the forces of 'commercialism' and corrupt political rule would triumph by his election. The New York men 'talked big' about the need of money in the approaching election and the sources they would control and tap. It was notorious at that time that Weed manipulated the Albany legislature to secure New York City franchises for coteries or cliques of his personal and political friends. He was regarded as the most potent political manager in the country. The forces he controlled and worked through and with were what today we should unreservedly call the 'machine' elements. Such certainly was the horde of Seward shouters and workers led by the prize fighter Tom Hyer. One of the New Yorkers came up to me and said, 'It is absurd for you westerners to want to nominate an Illinois man or any other man than Seward. No man can carry Pennsylvania or Indiana unless he and his backers have plenty of the sinews of war.' I asked, 'What do you mean?' 'I mean money, of course,' he rejoined. 'Just so,' I retorted, 'and that is one of the reasons why we from Iowa and the West are afraid of you and are fighting you. You and your kind think you can purchase the election as you buy stocks. But you can't buy Iowa. We need a little money for ordinary campaign expenses but not to buy votes. With such methods as you fellows pursue at Albany endorsed at the polls and you will drain the national treasury dry. No, Sir! Mr. Seward must not be nominated. Not because we think he is personally bad or wants to do anything unrighteous, but because he could not control the forces that are back of him and that would work through him.' This fact of his bad company and his radical and reckless

statements were the great causes of the general opposition to him.

"Seward's defeat was taken with very bad grace by many of his eastern champions. Some exhibitions are worth mentioning. A large number came west with us as far as Davenport to see the wonderful prairies of Illinois and the scenery of the Mississippi. At most of the stations where stops of ten minutes or so would be made some of the big guns from New York or elsewhere would be called out for a rear platform speech. Several of the New Yorkers referred deprecatingly to the nominee, apologizing for having a 'rail splitter' for the party's standard bearer—a man without the culture or experience and trained ability of the great statesman of Auburn, etc., and of similar strain. My blood boiled but I said nothing in the way of retort until we reached Davenport and then I concluded I couldn't hold in any longer. Some of those inconsiderate and ill advised gentlemen needed a little disciplining and I let them have it straight and hot. 'Why,' I exclaimed, 'such deprecation of the Commoner of Springfield and of the yeomen of the West! We of the West were born of women as were you of the East. We are sons of your fathers and of your bone and flesh. We have all the traditions that you have and more. We have been reared in the free fresh air of the prairies, redolent with sweet odors of wild flowers. We love liberty and will fight for our rights if need be. We have youth and vigor and are conquering a vast empire. Abraham Lincoln has shown himself to be a profound thinker. He is a powerful advocate of the cause our party represents. The convention has passed by the learned men and older leaders of the East and has chosen for its leader the great giant of Illinois. He is worthy of your respect and he will prove himself the greatest among all of us and you will yet concede it.'<sup>10</sup>

"The tremendous applause that greeted my rejoinder indicated that I had struck a responsive chord."

<sup>10</sup>The episode referred to by Judge Nourse was probably an incident of the excursion of various eastern delegates to the convention to the Mississippi River, made as a result of the official invitations of the managements of the Chicago & Galena and of the Chicago & Rock Island railroad companies to participate in the excursion as their guests. (See Johnson's *Proceedings*, p. 167.) Among those who came to Iowa was no less an one than Mr. Thurlow Weed. His biographer informs us that efforts to get him to make a speech to the convention after the defeat of Governor Seward were unavailing because "Mr. Weed was already preparing to leave Chicago for the Prairies of Iowa." (Barnes' *Life*, Vol. II, p. 267.) Mr. Weed came to Iowa City where he stopped in connection with some private business matters, according to information given the writer by one of the citizens of Des Moines, who happened to be in that city at the time and met him at the hotel at which he staid.

## III

## CHARLES C. NOURSE TO SENATOR JAMES HARLAN

In the way of striking confirmation of the general accuracy of Judge Nourse's recollections of the general considerations that coerced the judgments of the delegates of Iowa to the Chicago convention in 1860 there is reproduced a portion of a letter he wrote to Senator James Harlan, Iowa's senior senator at Washington, dated at Des Moines, June 6, 1860. Senator Harlan expected, and in general deemed expedient, and as a strong opponent of slavery desired the nomination of Governor Seward. Judge Nourse was a staunch supporter of Senator Harlan's and was writing him in explanation of his own course and that of others of the delegation at Chicago. The original letter is in the James Harlan manuscript in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln to whom the interviewer is indebted for permission to use.

Des Moines, Iowa, June 6, 1860

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"The nomination of Lincoln gives us great strength in this Congressional District. I voted for Lincoln at Chicago on every ballot. By his nomination and the platform adopted we get rid of any issues in regard to the Fugitive Slave Law, Slavery in the District of Columbia, and 'No more Slave State' Doctrine. These questions about which republicans are not agreed, and about which there is not now and probably will not be any practical issue before the country, have been continually thrust into the canvass by Democratic stumpers. They were the whole staple of Dodge's tirade and with John Brown and Helper's Impending Crisis would have driven all old-line-Whigs and Fillmore men from us if Seward had been nominated. It is a fact that we cannot ignore that Clay, Fillmore and other Whigs did sustain the Fugitive Slave Law and did oppose any effort to disturb Slavery in the District and never gave any countenance to the unqualified doctrine of 'no more slave states.' With Seward's

nomination we could not have held the same position as now. The question of Negro suffrage is another of the catch questions which would have been thrust into the campaign to our prejudice in case of Seward's nomination. We would also have lost much, if not all the capital we have in this campaign in the extravagance and corruption of the Administration, had Seward been our candidate. However honest and pure Seward may be, he is not a political economist and there is a general distrust in the Northwest of that class of N. Y. politicians into whose hands Seward, in case of his election, would in his magnanimity to his friends, have placed our P. O. and custom houses.

"These are the reasons, I think, which influenced the majority of our delegation to vote against Seward."

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#### CADETS OF TEMPERANCE

We are much gratified to learn that a charter has been obtained by the youth of this place, for a Section of the juvenile branch of the great Temperance family, known as the Cadets of Temperance. The Cadets of Temperance embrace boys from twelve to eighteen years of age, and hold to the same sentiments and observances as the Sons. Every boy, whose parents or guardian will consent, should become a Cadet. Aside from the important fact that it will throw that most fearful of vices, intemperance, and elevate his nature and purify his heart by the noblest and most exalted moral teachings and influences, it will be a great advantage in an intellectual point of view. Each Section of Cadets elects a Minister of Affairs, from among the Sons, who assists in conducting affairs and preserving order. The Section will be organized next week, and is to be called, we learn, Hawkeye Section, No. 3, of Iowa.—*Bloomington Iowa Democratic Enquirer*, Jan. 27, 1849. (In the newspaper collection of the Historical Department of Iowa.)



# ANNALS OF IOWA.

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

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### A NOTABLE BEQUEST

In harmony with the counsel and conduct of the last twenty-five years of his life, General Grenville M. Dodge provided in his will, executed February 9, 1911, the following bequest:

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THIRD. I give and bequeath to the Historical Department of Iowa, of which E. R. Harlan is at present the Curator, my Army and Civil Commissions and Diplomas and my Army Records, Maps, Photographs and Reports and letters of Historical interest; also all my records, Reports, Maps, Plans, Letters, Letter-books relating to my profession as Civil Engineer and especially those relating to the surveys and explorations of the two over-land routes to the Pacific Ocean, the Union Pacific and Texas-Pacific both of which are of historical interest; also one of the seven typewritten volumes of the compiled and complete records of my life. If the said Historical Department shall determine that the above described documents and records supply data for a publication of public interest or utility and shall arrange for such a publication in such a manner as shall be approved by my Executors and Trustees, hereinafter named, then in that event, I authorize my said Executors and Trustees to contribute out of my estate towards defraying the cost of preparing and publishing the same, under the auspices of the said Department, a sum not exceeding Five Thousand Dollars, and my Trustees and Executors are also entitled to appropriate out of my estate such sum as their judgment would approve for any suitable monument or memorial to me.

FOURTH. My painting as Grand-Marshal of the Grant Monument Inaugural Parade, twelve feet by nine feet in size, painted by Whipple of New York, I donate to the Union League Club of New York City, of which I am an Honorary member.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some months prior to the death of General Dodge the Curator of the Historical Department requested that he present to our collections the painting named in paragraph four. It was sent but with it came a letter from General Dodge explaining that it belonged to the Union League Club. The club has declined

the bequest so that our collections become the final repository for this great memorial canvas.

Upon his last visit to the Historical Department General Dodge was shown the apartment in which we proposed to assemble his materials as a Grenville M. Dodge memorial. The architectural features were discussed and their preparation left with the approval of General Dodge to his friend, the eminent architect, Emanuel L. Masqueray. The proposed method of treating the vast manuscript collections and the publication features were broadly canvassed. Soon after the death of General Dodge our Board of Trustees approved the plan of the Curator for the memorial room and the policy of publication, and appointed as a committee thereon Judge Horace E. Deemer and the Curator.

The death of General Dodge occurred on January 3, 1916, that of Judge Deemer on February 26, 1917, and of Mr. Masqueray on May 26, 1917. The general outlines for both the structural and literary features of the memorial were rapidly taking shape when the loss of these two advisers came. But when the whole country turned its attention to the war our own department awaited more settled conditions to take up and complete its work on the memorial of General Dodge. Recently we have received the final portions of the great collection. More than a million items of written and printed matter not only bearing upon, but indispensable to the understanding of western industrial, political and military subjects of greatest importance are now assembled. Plans for their final repository and use will be ready to be announced in the *ANNALS* in an early issue, and their completion will, we believe, be in full compliance with the letter and spirit of the great bequest of General Dodge.

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#### BLACKSTONE ON PRESERVING HISTORICAL MATERIALS

Sir William Blackstone, in Vol. II of "Law Tracts," published at "Oxford, at the Clarendon Press, M. DCC. LXXII." presenting "the Great Charter and Charter of the Forest, with other Authentic Instruments: to which is prefixed An Introductory Discourse, containing The History of the Charters," explains how

the original parchment manuscript of the charters happened to remain in existence in his time. His works are no more pertinent to the history and the principles of English common law than are these words commendatory of the traits of such as Charles Aldrich, which resulted in the founding and promotion of Iowa historical collections in our own institution. Blackstone says:

New as this account may appear and unnoticed by all our historians, except very imperfectly by Tyrrel, it is however incontrovertibly confirmed by the original charter itself now preserved in the Bodleian library at Oxford; from which the following copy is very carefully and exactly printed. This charter is in breadth seventeen inches, and in length (including the fold for the label) twenty three. It has the following endorsement on it in a contemporary hand, *Magna Carta Caps. viiiij de Lanc. te.* which seems to have been a mark denoting the capful or drawer, wherein it was deposited at the abbey of Gloucester, to which religious house it is thought to have once belonged. In a somewhat later but very ancient hand it is also thus endorsed, *Carta H. regis de libertatibus magne carte H. reg. avi nostri. Registratur W . . . . at.* There still remain affixed to it by parchment labels the seals of Gualo the legate and William Marescall earl of Pembroke, the former in white wax, the latter in green; both which are exhibited with their several imperfections in the plate, page 71.

This invaluable piece of antiquity was bequeathed (among others) to the university of Oxford by the late reverend Richard Furney, M. A. archdeacon of Surry. And it were much to be wished that all gentlemen, who are possessed of similar curiosities, would follow so laudable an example, by placing them in some public repository. The collecting and hoarding of antiquities, which, when confined to private amusement and self-satisfaction only, are too justly the object of ridi-

cule, would then be of singular advantage to the public. However, we may congratulate the present age on the prospect there is of seeing the paths to these hidden treasures made sufficiently easy and commodious, not only by the immense fund of antient learning which the wisdom of the legislature has amassed together and deposited in the British Museum; but also by a plan which has long employed the attention of the noble and honourable trustees of the Radcliffe library in Oxford, for transferring to that august edifice all the MSS which are at present the property of the university, and appropriating it for the future to the reception of MSS only: a design, which will exhibit in one view, and preserve with the utmost security, that inestimable treasure which now lies inconveniently dispersed; will give room for the daily accessions of printed books to the Bodleian library; will perpetuate, by a proper arrangement, the memory of former benefactors to letters, and be the means of exciting new ones; and will in the end do the highest honour to the name of the munificent founder, by stamping a peculiar and most useful character of its own on that noble structure, which it ever must want if considered only as a supplement to former libraries. How far this plan will be adopted, is not hitherto fully determined; yet it cannot but seem an auspicious omen, that the ample first-fruits of doctor Radcliffe's endowment have been lately applied with the utmost propriety to the purchase of M. Frazer's very curious and numerous collection of oriental MSS.



## STATE BOARD OF CONSERVATION

According to announcement in the July ANNALS, we herewith set out in abstract the proceedings of the Board of Conservation, after the meeting of July 28, 1918. The minutes of that meeting and all prior thereto occur in the Report of Conservation, 1919, pp. 11-28.

AUGUST 30, 1919<sup>1</sup>

*Communications.*—Secretary of Executive Council advised the Board that ten cents per mile per member for necessary automobile passage would be allowed.

*Resolutions.*—Account of expense incurred to be entered in a book by the secretary so that the Board may know instantly at all times all details of said accounts. Expenditures to be within the clear purview of prior minutes of meetings certified to each member by the secretary. Expenditures evidenced by statements and audited by the Board to be certified by the secretary to the Executive Council for payment.

*Regular Meetings.*—Until further arrangement the Board to meet on the 1st and 3rd Friday of each month, at the office of the secretary.

*Consideration of Areas.*—One or more members to make preliminary inspection and report essentials at next meeting of Board, which as a whole shall then visit the area, enter into written agreement if approved, subject to approval of Executive Council, inspections to be grouped for minimum of expense and time.

*Review of Business as to Each Area.*—Oakland Mills—progress reported; Fairfield Chautauqua Grounds—secretary to arrange meeting at Fairfield to consider this and Big Cedar Bluffs in same county; near Keokuk and Murray's Landing—secretary to inquire for details; in Louisa County—report by Pammel and Harlan on visit to Toolsboro, Odessa Lake, Myerholts Lake and mouth of Iowa River, showing same to be replete with points of interest to history, science and recreation; Farmington and Keosauqua—secretary to secure final descriptive data, maps, etc., and certify approval of Board to Executive Council; Donahue Park and Amana—deferred for the present; Morehead Caves—approved for all essentials, referred to Kelso for negotiation; Catfish Creek, Tete de Morts, Durango Road and Swiss Hollow—referred to Kelso; Wildcat Den—sixty acres tendered to state cost free upon state acquiring certain additional lands—proposition approved and referred to Kelso and Harlan for completion; Cedar Heights and Island above Cedar Falls—secretary to write interested parties; Waverly Park, Bixby's Park, Iowa Falls, Steamboat Rock, Waterville, Nashua, Meader Woods, Decorah, Cedar Valley, Rochester and Gray's Ford—referred to Pammel; Little Wall Lake, Twin Sisters' Lake, Cornelia Lake and Clear Lake—referred to Pammel and Albert; Yellow River, Arlington, Monticello, Palisades, Madison County, Hepburn Park, Oakland—referred to Harlan; Eveland Park, Des Moines Bluffs, Monkey Mountain, Eddyville, Garrison Rock, Wapello's Grave, Agency, Old Farlow Road, Russell Lakes, Forks of the Coon, Carlisle, Indianola,

<sup>1</sup>For brevity this record will omit roll calls and other repeated language except where the same is an important part of the business.

Ford, Buckingham Lake and Backbone Park—deferred to September 5; Red Rock—referred to Kelso, Ford and Harlan; Big Boulder, Mitchell County—referred to Ford.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1919

*Resolutions.*—Resolutions were adopted covering the following matters:

That Kelso be an audit committee to whom accounts of the Board shall be sent for inspection and approval before secretary certifies to Executive Council.

Oakland Chautauqua Grounds proffered by their owners, cost free, and having been inspected and approved by the chairman, Mr. Ford is directed to inspect and finally negotiate for the same and such additional grounds as may seem expedient.

Board concurs with request of Executive Council to participate in planning and conducting dedicatory functions; of creating a system of co-ordinating the two bodies; of forming joint authority for fixing amounts to be paid for lands, and forms committees for carrying out these provisions.

Chairman authorized to join Fish and Game Warden as a committee to locate areas on each of the lakes named and report to the full Board. Secretary is directed to do likewise, with respect to the Ledges, Twin Lakes, Storm Lake, Peterson Park, Gitchie Manitou, Ocheyedan Mound and Stone Park.

The Board understands it supercedes Fish and Game Department in carrying out lake improvements, but as no report or sufficient information has been furnished the Board on which to base its study, opinion or judgment, it asks the secretary to formally request of the Executive Council a statement of the legal and pecuniary status of this Board with respect to such lake improvements under Section 2, Chapter 236, Acts of Thirty-seventh General Assembly and amendments thereto, and of the policies, contracts, purposes and projects of the Fish and Game Department and Executive Council with which this Board should be concerned.

All lake areas referred to committee composed of the chairman and State Fish and Game Warden; matters relating to dams, water levels, riparian rights, dredging, reclamation or other matters involving authority of Executive Council, Fish and Game Department, Board of Conservation, counties, municipalities or drainage districts to be assembled by the secretary of the Board so that an itinerary of any or all concerned to all the places may be arranged, hearings held and conclusions reached in the month of October.

*Consideration of Areas.*—Oakville, Myerholtz and Odessa Lakes and Toolsboro Mounds visited by Ford and Kelso—action deferred; Farmington and Keosauqua—certified for acquisition; reports by members of investigation on Greene, Nashua, Rochester, Tama, Red Rock, Davis City, Chariton, The Ledges, Twin Lakes, Tuttle Lake, Iowa Lake, Little Wall Lake, Pilot Knob, Woodman's Hollow, Boneyard Hollow, Wildcat Cave, Storm Lake, Peterson Park, West Okoboji, Gitchie Manitou, Ocheyedan Mound, Horseshoe Bend, Wall Lake and Stone Park.

## NOTABLE DEATHS

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ALLEN was born at Salem, Indiana, April 27, 1829, and died at Hollywood, California, April 14, 1914. The body was cremated and the ashes placed in the family lot in Woodland cemetery, Des Moines. He came to Des Moines in 1848, bringing several thousand dollars with him and began active and extensive business operations. He early exhibited great talent as a business man. With Jonathan Lyon, he at once entered the general mercantile business on the corner of Second and Vine streets. In 1850 with Charles Van he built a steam sawmill at the south end of the old Coon River bridge. There was a great quantity of good timber near, especially black walnut, and they had a big business. In 1851 he and R. W. Sypher purchased a steamboat at St. Louis and put it in the Des Moines River traffic. In 1855 he established a bank and soon obtained an immense business. He successfully came through the wildcat banking period of 1855 to 1858, maintaining his credit and winning recognition as one of the leading bankers of the West. In 1860 he was a member of the city council. In 1865 he organized the first gas company of Des Moines. The same year with others he organized the Hawkeye Insurance Company. He became a stockholder and director in the Rock Island railroad and assisted it to reach Des Moines in 1867. In 1869 he built on Grand Avenue the most magnificent residence in Iowa, later and now the mansion of Mr. F. M. Hubbell. The same year he was elected to the state senate and served in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth General Assemblies and was influential in securing the legislation providing for the new Capitol building. In 1871 he organized the Des Moines Water Company. In 1874 he went to Chicago and took over the Cook County National Bank. Here he met disaster, the failure swallowing up his entire fortune, including his Des Moines properties. Soon thereafter he went to Southern California where he was interested for a time in fruit growing, had an important position supervising forestry service in California for the Federal Government for some years, but for several years of his later life, lived in retirement. He is credited with doing more toward developing the city of Des Moines in its early history than any other one man.

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BERNARD MURPHY was born at Brookline, Massachusetts, September 24, 1847, and died at Vinton, Iowa, February 28, 1918. He came with his parents to Poweshiek County, Iowa, in 1859, where they located on a farm about four miles south-west of Belle Plaine. He worked on farms in this neighborhood and in the south part of Benton County until 1867 when he went to Vinton and commenced to learn the printer's trade. Remaining there until 1870 he went to Des Moines and was

employed by the Clarksons, the proprietors of the *State Register*, for three years, except for a short time he spent in Denver working on the *Rocky Mountain News*. In 1874 he assisted in establishing the *Traer Clipper*, but in 1876 became a partner in the ownership of the *Vinton Eagle*. In 1886 he became the sole owner of the *Eagle*, and continued as such until 1913 when his son became part owner with him. For some years he was a member of the city council of Vinton. He was postmaster at Vinton from 1897 to 1901, and state printer from 1901 to 1906. He was an alternate delegate to the Republican national convention at Minneapolis in 1892 and was a presidential elector on the Republican ticket in 1916. He was grand chancellor of the Grand Lodge of Iowa, Knights of Pythias, in 1901 and was representative to the supreme lodge of that order from 1912 until the time of his death. He was untiring in his work for the Iowa College for the Blind at Vinton, and his work for Linnie Hagewood, the blind and deaf girl, the Helen Kellar of Iowa, will long be remembered. His interest in education was such that he was appointed as a member of the Better School Commission. His greatest work, however, was on the editorial page of his paper. In originality and in creative and constructive power he was not excelled by any writer in the state. He took an active part in district and state editorial association meetings, and for years attended them and always gave interest and inspiration by his presence. He was also a well known figure at Republican district and state conventions, where he had a large influence. He had good judgment, good ability, rugged honesty, a sense of humor and a love of his fellow men that made of him a real leader in Iowa.

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VOLTAIRE P. TWOMBLY was born near Farmington, Van Buren County, Iowa, February 21, 1842, and died at Des Moines, February 24, 1918. His parents had emigrated from Massachusetts with the Free Thought Colony founded by Abner Kneeland near Farmington in 1839 and named Salubria. A few months after his birth his father died and the widowed mother with her infant son removed to Keosauqua. There he attended public school and Lane's Academy. He volunteered as a private in Company F, Second Iowa Infantry and was mustered in May 27, 1861. In October, 1861, he was promoted to seventh corporal and detailed as a color bearer. In the famous charge on Ft. Donalson, five color bearers of his regiment were shot down in succession, when he caught up the colors, and although knocked down once by a spent ball, succeeded in carrying them forward and planting them on top of the enemy's works. He was then promoted to lieutenant. At Corinth he was severely wounded and again at Jonesboro. In June, 1864, he was promoted to adjutant of the regiment and in November became captain of Company K. In 1865 he was acting inspector general of the Fifth Army Corps. He was mustered out July 12, 1865, returned home, attended Bryant & Stratton's Business College at Burlington for



awhile, and then was two years at Ottumwa in the grain, flour and grocery business. Removing to Pittsburg, Van Buren County, he followed milling nine years, when he removed to Keosauqua and engaged in the mercantile business. In 1880 he was elected county treasurer of Van Buren County and was re-elected two years later. In 1884 he was elected treasurer of state and was twice re-elected, serving until January, 1891. Soon thereafter he entered the Home Savings Bank of Des Moines as its president and acted in that capacity for ten years. The last few years of his life were spent in retirement. He was quiet and unobtrusive, but was held in high esteem because of his integrity and good judgment.

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EDWARD HOOKER GILLETTE was born at Bloomfield, Connecticut, October 1, 1840, and died at his home near Valley Junction, Iowa, August 14, 1918. He graduated from the Hartford, Connecticut, High School and the New York State Agricultural College at Ovid, New York. Intending to devote himself to agriculture, on leaving college in 1863 he came to Iowa, bought a farm in Dallas county and engaged in raising high bred stock. Shortly thereafter he bought a farm immediately west of Des Moines at the end of Grand Avenue and adjoining what is now the city of Valley Junction. He made his home for a while in Des Moines and was interested not only in farming but in manufacturing and in other business enterprises. He became active in farmers' organizations, especially in their contests with railroad corporations and with the barbed wire trusts. He was an active organizer of the Antimonopoly party in 1874 and the Greenback party in 1876. In 1876 he was a delegate to the national convention of the Greenback party that nominated Peter Cooper for president, and that year he took an active part in the campaign, speaking in many states. In 1878 the Greenback party of the Seventh Iowa District nominated him for congress and the Democratic party fusing with it, he was elected and served in the Forty-sixth Congress. In 1880 he was renominated but was defeated by John A. Kasson. Mr. Gillette and General Weaver having started the *State Tribune* Mr. Gillette became its editor in 1881 and remained such until 1891. For over twenty years he was active in politics, speaking in practically every state in the union. He was chairman of the national committee of the Greenback party at one time and chairman of the state committee of the Union Labor party for several years. He was the nominee of the Democratic party in 1898 for auditor of state. The later years of his life were spent in quiet retirement at his home near Valley Junction.

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NATHANIEL FRENCH was born at Andover, Massachusetts, September 7, 1854, and died at Tuscon, Arizona, February 14, 1920. Burial was at Davenport, Iowa. When a child he removed with his parents to Davenport. There he attended common school and Griswold College and completed his education at Harvard and Heidelberg universities.

Choosing the law for his profession, at Peoria, Illinois, he read in the office of Robert G. Ingersoll, an intimate friend of his father, and commenced practice there. In the late '70's he returned to Davenport, entering the practice there with John W. Thompson. In 1882 he was appointed city attorney and in 1883 was elected circuit judge, serving until 1886. He then retired from the law practice and took over the management of the manufacturing interests of the French family, his father having recently died. From 1889 to 1896 he was with the Eagle Manufacturing Company, which was later sold and removed to Kansas City. In 1888 the Bettendorf Wheel Works was organized by Judge French and William P. Bettendorf. Later this became the firm of French & Hecht. They maintained one large factory at Davenport and another at Springfield, Ohio, and became the largest metal wheel manufacturers in the world. For years Judge French was a director in the First National Bank of Davenport. When a receiver was appointed for the Rock Island lines he became a director. He was a gold standard Democrat and supported Palmer in 1896. During the World War he served as chairman of the exemption board at Davenport, and the arduous duties likely hastened his death. He was a man of large wealth, a lawyer of unusual ability, and a philanthropist and public-spirited citizen of much influence. His brother is Col. George W. French, and his sister, Miss Alice French, known in the literary world as Octave Thanet, of Davenport.

LUMAN H. WELLER was born at Bridgewater, Connecticut, August 24, 1833, and died at a sanitarium in Minneapolis, Minnesota, March 2, 1914. Interment was made at his home at Nashua, Iowa. His education was obtained in the common schools of Connecticut, State Normal School and Literary Institute of Suffield. He came to Iowa in 1858 and settled on a farm near Nashua, which was his home from then until his death. He was admitted to practice law in both the state and federal courts. In 1865 he was justice of the peace. He also served as a member of the county board of supervisors. In 1867 he was an independent candidate for the general assembly. He identified himself with many new movements, it is said with practically all of them except socialism and woman suffrage. In 1882 he was elected to congress from the Fourth Iowa District on the fusion ticket of the Greenback and Democratic parties, and in 1884 he was defeated for congress by William E. Fuller by only 200 votes. He was twice a candidate for governor, twice for judge of the supreme court and, in 1908, was a candidate for vice-president of the United States on the American ticket. He was president of his local grange, a prominent leader in the Knights of Labor, president of the Chosen Farmers of Amercia and a member of the national committee of the Peoples Party for many years. For some twenty years he was editor of the *Farmers' Advocate*. He was a reformer by nature, was sincere and earnest and struck hard blows at monopoly and corruption in high places. He was widely and affectionately called "Calamity Weller."

THOMAS JEFFERSON STEELE was born in Rush County, Indiana, March 19, 1853, and died in Sioux City, Iowa, March 21, 1920. In 1859 he removed with his parents to Coles County, Illinois, and in 1862 to Jefferson County, Iowa. Here he attended common school and, later, Axline Academy (now defunct). After two years in the academy he commenced teaching public schools, which he continued several years. He later farmed and worked at the carpenter trade in northwestern Iowa. When the grasshopper plague came he had to return to school teaching to make a living. He studied law with Barrett & Bullis at Sheldon and was admitted to the bar, but did not enter the practice. He entered the retail merchandise business at Wayne, Nebraska, took control of the First National Bank and organized a big cattle feeding company. In 1893 he removed to Tyndall, South Dakota, established a lumber yard and also went extensively into the cattle business. In 1895 he entered the live stock brokerage and commission business in Sioux City. He continued, however, to develop his South Dakota holdings, having one ranch there of 20,000 acres. Although the Eleventh Iowa Congressional District was normally Republican by several thousand, he was elected to Congress as a Democrat in 1914 by a majority of 3,659 and served in the Sixty-fourth Congress. In 1916 he was again his party's nominee and was defeated by 131 votes. At the time of his death he had been selected as one of the delegates at large from Iowa to the Democratic National Convention at San Francisco. He was a very successful business man and was deservedly popular.

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FRANK D. BAYLESS was born at Pendleton, Madison County, Indiana, October 9, 1840, and died at Los Angeles, California, March 7, 1920. Burial was at Elkader, Iowa. He came west by ox team with his mother and her family in 1853. In 1855 they located in Dodge County, Minnesota, where he worked on a farm. In 1856 he returned to Indiana and attended high school two years. In 1858 he again went to Minnesota and farmed, taught school and studied medicine. In 1861 he enlisted in the Second Minnesota Infantry and served until his health became impaired, when he was honorably discharged. Soon thereafter, however, he re-enlisted in the Third Minnesota Infantry, serving until September, 1865. He then became a drug clerk and in 1866 removed to Elkader, Iowa, and entered the drug business on his own account. He was very successful and established several branch stores at neighboring towns. He was enterprising, public-spirited and helpful to his community. He was a member of the local school board continuously for twenty-four years. In 1883 he was elected to the state senate as a Democrat and was re-elected in 1887, serving in the Twentieth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second and Twenty-third General Assemblies. During his service in the senate he became recognized as a legislator of ability, independence and good business judgment. In the Twenty-third General Assembly he was a member of the Ways and Means, Railways, Public Health and Printing committees and was chairman of the Military committee.

MATHEW SIMPSON HUGHES was born at West Union, West Virginia, February 2, 1863, and died at Cleveland, Ohio, April 4, 1920. The final funeral rites were observed at Portland, Oregon. He was a son of the Reverend and Mrs. Thomas B. Hughes. He was educated in the common schools, in Linsley Institute and in the University of West Virginia. On leaving the University he became city editor of the *Parkersburg Daily Journal*. In 1884, although but little past twenty-one, he achieved state wide distinction as a political orator, speaking in the interest of the Republican party. In 1886 he was converted and at once decided to enter the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In September, 1887, he received his first appointment, that of Ewart Circuit in Poweshiek County, Iowa. From that little circuit of four points he went as pastor to Malcom in 1888-89, to Grinnell in 1889-90, to Chestnut Street Church, Portland, Maine, in 1890-94, to Wesley Church, Minneapolis, Minnesota, 1894-98, to Independence Avenue Church, Kansas City, Missouri, in 1898-1908 and to First Church, Pasadena, California, in 1908-16. He was elected a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church at the General Conference held at Saratoga Springs, New York, in 1916. From 1916 to 1920 he was resident bishop at Portland, Oregon. He was an orator of national reputation.

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ALFRED N. HOBSON was born at Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, April 1, 1848, and died at a hospital at Rochester, Minnesota, April 11, 1918. Interment was at West Union, Iowa. He came with his parents to Fayette County, Iowa, in 1855, and to West Union in 1858. He attended public schools, the Upper Iowa University at Fayette and, for a short time, the State University of Iowa. He read law with his father, Joseph Hobson, and with L. L. Ainsworth, and was admitted to the bar in 1870. For a short time thereafter he was in the revenue department at Dubuque, but in 1875 he became a law partner of Mr. Ainsworth on the latter being elected to congress. This partnership continued until the fall of 1894 when Mr. Hobson was elected a judge of the Thirteenth Judicial District. This position he continued to hold for twenty-three years, or until his death. The estimation in which he was held by the people of his district was indicated by the fact that his re-elections were made with but little or no opposition. His record on the bench gave evidence of judicial talent of a high order. At different times he was prominently mentioned as a member of the state supreme court, and in 1910 all the counties of his judicial and congressional districts solidly supported him for nomination to that position. In 1916 he was president of the state bar association.

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HUGH BRENNAN was born in County Monaghan, Ireland, March 12, 1845, and died in Des Moines, Iowa, March 15, 1920. He emigrated to America in 1850 with his parents, who first located at Philadelphia, then at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. In 1865 he came to Des Moines. Here he worked as an engineer in a pottery, and later as a coal miner.



From 1873 to 1877 he was a member of the Des Moines police force, and in 1877 was appointed deputy sheriff of Polk County. Soon after becoming a peace officer he took up the study of law, devoting his time to it while not on duty. He read with Smith & Baylies (Seward Smith and Ripley N. Baylies) and was admitted to the bar in 1878 while he was still deputy sheriff. In 1880 Mr. Baylies retired and Mr. Brennan entered the firm. In 1881 he retired as deputy sheriff and devoted himself to the practice of law. In 1866 he was appointed assistant city solicitor of Des Moines and served until 1890 when he was elected city solicitor. From 1903 until 1914 he served as a district judge in Polk County, being three times elected to that position. Both as a peace officer and as a judge on the bench he acquitted himself with honor. In overcoming the handicaps of poverty and in winning his way unaided to an honorable position in a learned profession, his was a remarkable career.

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J. D. M. HAMILTON was born at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1851, and died at Kansas City, Missouri, September 20, 1914. In 1851, when only an infant, he came with his parents to Fort Madison, Iowa. He attended common school there, Knox College at Galesburg, Illinois, and was graduated from the law department of Washington University, Saint Louis, in 1875. He became city attorney of Fort Madison and in 1877 was elected representative in the Seventeenth General Assembly. He attained prominence politically. He was a candidate for presidential elector on the Democratic ticket and was appointed by Governor Sherman as a member of the commission to locate and build the hospital for the insane in the southwest part of the state. In 1886, he was chairman of the committee on resolutions at the Democratic state convention. In 1887 he was elected mayor of Fort Madison. In 1884 he was grand chancellor of the Grand Lodge, Knights of Pythias of Iowa. He was recognized as one of the ablest lawyers of the state and he obtained an extensive practice. He was appointed claims attorney for the A. T. & S. F. Ry. Co. and removed to Topeka, Kansas, where he lived several years during the latter part of his life.

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WILLARD CHAUNCY EARLE was born at Honesdale, Pennsylvania, October 7, 1833, and died in Florida, February 10, 1920. Burial was at Waukon, Iowa. He was educated in public schools. He came to Waukon in 1854 and worked in a sawmill. In October, 1861, he enlisted in the Union Army and was elected captain of Company B, Twelfth Iowa Infantry. In 1863 he raised and commanded the Seventieth United States Colored Infantry. In 1865 he resigned to attend Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and in 1867 graduated therefrom. Returning to Waukon he practiced medicine there twenty-five years. He was interested in the mercantile business, stock and grain shipping and banking. He was active in promoting the building of the railroad to Waukon. In 1881 he was elected representative and served in the Nine-

teenth General Assembly, and in 1886 was elected senator to fill the unexpired term in the Twenty-first General Assembly of William Larrabee when the latter became governor. He was again elected representative in 1906 and served in the Thirty-second and Thirty-second extra General Assemblies.

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WILLIAM BATTIN was born in Columbiana County, Ohio, June 24, 1832, and died at Marshalltown, Iowa, February 8, 1918. He was of Quaker parentage and rearing. He attended country school, taught school at Lisbon, Salem and Damascus, Ohio, and clerked in stores. He came to Iowa City, Iowa, in 1856 and to Marshall County in 1857, and established a store. The brick building in which he had this store is said to be still standing. In 1859 he was elected county judge of Marshall County on the issue of removing the county seat from Marietta to Marshalltown, he favoring Marshalltown. After Marshalltown won the removal contest by an election and had successfully resisted Marietta's efforts to defeat the removal by court actions, a counter movement was started to change the county seat to Albion, and the case arising in that movement was tried before Judge Battin, Marshalltown winning. He declined to be a candidate for re-election. A few years thereafter he removed to a farm near Marshalltown and in 1890 removed to that city. He held several township offices, including justice of the peace.

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MAHLON HEAD was born in Highland County, Ohio, July 12, 1835, and died at Jefferson, Iowa, January 17, 1920. He came with his parents to Poweshiek County, Iowa, in 1855. There he worked on a farm one year and then became a clerk in the office of the treasurer of Poweshiek County. He remained in that position until June, 1861, when he enlisted in Company F, Tenth Iowa Infantry, and served four years. He participated in many battles and was seriously wounded at Missionary Ridge. He marched with Sherman to the Sea, was commissioned a lieutenant and was later a staff officer with General John E. Smith. Returning home from the war in 1865, he engaged in banking one year at Montezuma, but in 1866 went to Jefferson. There he entered the banking business and became a leading citizen of Greene County. Besides his banking interests at Jefferson he was interested in banks in several nearby towns. He invested largely in land and became quite wealthy. In 1899 he was elected representative and, by reason of re-elections, served in the Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth and Thirty-first General Assemblies.

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WILLIAM HENRY WEBB was born near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, October 7, 1849, and died at Spencer, Iowa, May 2, 1914. In 1854 he came with his parents to Iowa County, Wisconsin, in 1874 to Clear Lake, Iowa, and in 1877 to Spencer. He was a successful farmer. He was elected representative in 1912 and served in the Thirty-fifth General Assembly.



U P P E R C A N A D A



GALLAND'S  
Map  
OF  
**IOWA**

Compiled from the latest  
AUTHORITIES

By J. Galland

1840

Scale 50 Miles to an Inch

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M I S S O U R I

Revised according to Act of Congress in the year 1840 by James Galland, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Ohio



